San Francisco, 19 April : 1900

THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper.

Volume XLIX *Number 16*

A Single Stitch.

ONE stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen.
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may or strive how it can
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed;
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

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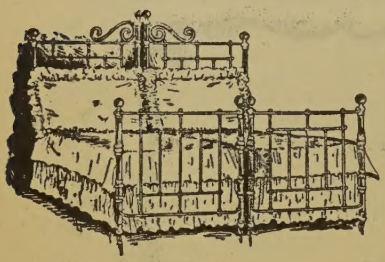

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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal. Thursday, 19 April, 1900

Alike.

"Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives."

General Bidwell.

General John Bidwell went not down to his grave uncrowned. Many whom he had befriended and many whom he had attached to himself by his sterling character were around his tomb, last week, to do him honor. One who was in attendance from San Francisco says that there were witnessed on that occasion some of the most impressive scenes. The Indians, to whom through all the years since he settled on his great ranch near Chico, there had come from him so much of good and helpfulness, were there with the tears streaming down their cheeks, and hundreds of school children strewed flowers all along the way as his remains were being carried to the cemetery. The first hymn at the services was sung by an Indian choir from the Indian school and church; the second by a choir from the State Normal school at Chico, the third by the choir of the Presbyterian church of which he was a member. To the upbuilding of all these he had given himself without reserve.

No State ever had a better citizen than California had in John Bidwell. A typographical error in a paper before us makes his name "Didwell." It is suggestive. He *did well*, from the time of his coming to California, in 1841, to the time of his departure into the heavens. It will be difficult to find anywhere a record of justice to the aboriginal inhabitants of a country comparable with John Bidwell's to the Indians who inhabited the great ranch which he received from the Mexican government. They are there to-day as they were more than half a century ago; but not as they were, either, for now they are a civilized people. No wonder they mourned his departure to the spirit land beyond. In every way he had been their best friend.

When gold was discovered in 1848 Mr. Bidwell was with Mr. Sutter at Sutter's Fort, and he brought the first free gold to San Francisco. He was intimately associated in many ways with men who gambled and drank and manifested other flagrant immoralities, at that period, when all these things were so universal in California; but his own life was through all a clean one. Membership in the legislature and in Congress left him uncorrupted. When nominated as the candidate of the national Prohibition party for the Presidency he brought to the ticket greater strength than any before or since him, polling the largest vote in the history of that party. How strong were his temperance sentiments was shown by his destruction, root and branch, of one of the finest vineyards in California. He had believed that the use of light wines would minister to temperance. Accordingly, at great expense, he began the cultivation of the choicest grapes for their manufacture. Not a root was left shortly after he saw his mistake.

When he promised a legislative committee their choice from his lands at Chico for a site for a Normal School, and they selected eight acres out of one of the most valuable cherry orchards in California, he decided at once that, valuable as that land was for cherries, it should no longer be devoted to their cultivation, but to the cultivation of young men and young women in those things which make for that manhood and womanhood which give to a state fame and perpetuity.

Were it not that the influence of such a man goes on, California would be poor indeed by the loss of General Bidwell. But, now that he has entered the great unknown, his virtues will be held up to a wider and more general attention. Although his coming has been

hailed on the banks of the river of light, he continues to live upon the earth in lives made better by his presence. That earthly influence will go on in ever-enlarging circles. The young men of California will do well if they live as he lived.

The Pacific Coast Congress.

The Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, to be held in San Francisco and Oakland the last week in May, will in all probability result in much good for the church-kingdom on these shores. Congregationally it will serve to bring us into a closer and better fellowship, and we shall undoubtedly move thereafter more unitedly for the accomplishment of the work to which as churches we evidently have been called.

Back in the seventeenth century a religious meeting was called to be held one day in a farmer's barn near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. It was for all who cared to attend. German Reformed, Mennonites, Tunkers, Lutherans and others assembled. At least two evangelical ministers were there—Otterbein of the Reformed church and Boehm of the Mennonite. Boehm, a small man, plainly attired, preached the opening sermon. All eyes were riveted upon him as he expounded the Word. Among those listening most intently was Otterbein, a man of large size and imposing appearance, dressed in the ordinary style of his church. "As the heart of the preacher warmed with his subject, it kindled and fed a flame in the heart of the other. At the close of the sermon, and before Boehm had time to resume his seat, Otterbein arose and folding him in his arms exclaimed, 'We are brethren!'" This, it has been said, was a strange and unexpected turn of affairs—"the scholarly Otterbein holding in his arms the plain and unassuming Boehm, and this, too, upon their first meeting. It was not the result of education, nor of any natural affinity; it was simply a proof of the unity of religion—baptized by one Spirit into one body."

In that meeting in that barn that day began that close friendship which some years later placed these two men in the bishopric of the United Brethren church, when, in the year 1800, it was organized and entered on that work which it has been doing all these years, as perhaps no other church would have done it in those places in our land in which it has been established.

As Congregationalists we need to come together from all over the Pacific Coast, and in religious conference be brought to realize that "we are brethren."

Congregationalism on the Pacific Coast needs a little more coherency. The National Council at Portland, Oregon, in 1898, resulted in good in that it not only brought the Coast churches more in touch with the Congregationalism of the East, but by bringing the churches in the four States of California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho into acquaintance through the delegates, pastors and laymen who were in attendance.

There is in Congregationalism a tendency toward isolation and such independent effort as is weakening. We have our little associations, so small indeed frequently as to preclude nearly all enthusiasm when the meetings are held—making but little or no impression on the church and community in which they occur. Once a year we assemble in State Association, on which occasion the large majority of persons in attendance seem to be brought to a realization of the fact that they are a part of a great movement, and are encouraged by learning that from all quarters come indications that the world is steadily swinging up into the light and life of God. Some have come from disheartening experiences; like Elijah under the juniper tree, their surroundings have led them almost to the conclusion that all were bowing the knee to Baal. But as the thousands of true soldiers of the cross have been made to pass before them in mental review they have thanked God and have taken courage.

We need, now, to come together in this larger way, in order that there may ensue greater unity of effort, because of the fellowship and conference of those days; and in order that there may come to all our churches that encouragement and enthusiasm which such an assemblage properly planned and conducted is sure to give.

The program, as published in The Pacific for March 29th, indicates that much of value will be presented on that occasion. Washington and Oregon will send representative delegations. California should be largely represented. Although the plan for representation provides for none but associational dele-

gates in Northern California, we believe that every church should arrange to have its pastor and some of its members in attendance.

Notes.

The Sacramento correspondent of the Pacific Christian says concerning the Rev. J. B. Silcox, who goes soon to Winnipeg: "The Sacramento pulpit is losing a strong man and our community an able defender of righteousness. Mr. Silcox was largely instrumental in opening the fight for municipal reform in Sacramento, and it is due him to say that no other minister in the city wielded so great an influence with the mayor and council in our recent victory over the pool-rooms. Mr. Silcox is a progressive and aggressive preacher. He belongs, I should think, to the conservative school of Biblical critics. His views on 'higher criticism,' however, have frequently subjected him to a good deal of 'lower criticism.' His power as a minister lies largely along the line of moral reforms."

It may not be amiss to let the readers of The Pacific know how the oldest Protestant missionary in California spends his Sunday evenings. It is not in church, for after more than fifty years in California, Dr. Willey does not go out much at night. The Wednesday evening prayer-meeting in the First Congregational church of this city is usually attended by him, but Sunday evening is spent at home, by himself and Mrs. Willey, reading from some book of published sermons. Recently we heard Dr. Willey say that they were reading from a volume of sixteen sermons published by the Rev. Dr. Mooar of Pacific Theological Seminary some years ago; that they found these sermons "most rare, spiritual and nourishing"; and that they had read the volume every year for the last seven years.

The St. Bernard Congregational church of Nome, Alaska, was organized on New Year's Eve with thirty-six charter members, and the Rev. Mr. Robins was called as pastor. The constitution provides for an affiliated membership. This is composed of persons who have not severed their connection with their old home churches, but who are required to do so if they remain at Nome for nine months after their affiliation with the church. A letter received by Oakland relatives of the missionaries and hospital workers at Nome stated that the Rev. L. L. Wirt was planning to come out early this year, for a trip East in the interests of his work. Press dispatches of Monday announced Mr. Wirt's safe arrival on Puget Sound, and his intention of being in San Francisco soon. He left Nome on the 10th of January and was fifty-three days in making the trip to Kodiak, where he took ship for Victoria. Mr. Wirt reported three hundred cases of typhoid at Nome up to date of his departure—about one-tenth the number of inhabitants. One hundred and twenty-five cases were treated at the hospital. Out of the three hundred cases there were thirty deaths.

Recently The Pacific stated that the partial withdrawal of Dr. Hillis from the Presbyterian church, by assuming a Congregational pastorate, placed him where Presbyterians would more quickly than theretofore resent any criticism he might make of the Westminster Confession. Now one of his best friends, Dr. Gray of the Chicago Interior, says: "Dr. Hillis will please his friends and disappoint his enemies by uttering no word of criticism of his mother church, or her creed. He did his work for the revision of the Confession when, as a Presbyterian minister, it was his duty to do so, when he believed that it ought to be revised. He made his last impassioned protest against section four of chapter three as a Presbyterian minister. If he had not been a Presbyterian when he made that protest, he would, to use familiar terms, have been meddling with what was none of his business; with something that did not concern him. Henceforth, out of the denomination, he will not feel himself justified in offering unasked advice, nor in indulging in fruitless criticism."

"The fifth year statistics," published in the minutes of the General Association of California, show church property among the churches of the Association valued at $876,830, with an indebtedness of $52,410. This is exclusive of parsonages, the value of which is put at $37,850. The invested funds amount to $11,100, distributed as follows: Murphys, $10,000, Stockton $800, Little Shasta $300. The estimated value of the First church property in this city is $150,000; that of the First of Oakland is $150,000; Plymouth, San Francisco, $50,000; the Third, $30,000; Bethany, $20,000; Santa Cruz, $30,000; Sacramento, $25,000; Eureka, $20,000; Berkeley First, $25,000. Twenty-nine of the churches have parsonages, the highest valuation being $6,000; the lowest, $100. The indebtedness rests on thirty-four of the churches, the highest amount being $10,000, the lowest $50. More than one-half of the total indebtedness is on San Francisco churches. The salaries of the pastors aggregate $82,265. The First of Oakland pays $5,000; the First of San Francisco $4,500; Plymouth, $2,500; Third, $2,400; Sacramento, $3,000; Berkeley First, $2,500; Alameda, $2,000.

It is always interesting to note the ever-widening influences going out from the work that has for many years been carried on by the Congregational churches among the Chinese in California. Among the converts in the San Francisco Mission some years ago

was a native daughter of California. About ten years ago she was married to Mr. Chin King, who has had for some time a prosperous business in Salt Lake City. The Rev. Jee Gam tells in a recent number of the Bethany church paper how Mr. and Mrs. King came to inaugurate a good work in China. We quote as follows: "Four years ago they made a visit to Hong Shan, China, where Mr. King's parents were living. While there they saw the city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants without any preaching station whatever. This greatly pained them, and they promised God that if he would give them a safe return to America and prosper them in their business, they would have a chapel built there and have the gospel preached to the people. Now, I am pleased to report that the Lord did bring them back safely and has prospered their business so that they feel that they can now begin Christian work in Hong Shan city. Last month Mrs. Chin King with her three children went to China to buy a lot and building, if such could be gotten; if not, she will rent a place and commence Christian work as soon as possible; i. e., she will put a preacher there and be his supporter as far as she is able."

Chronicle and Comment.

It is often said that the negro in the South is deteriorating physically. But there are some fine specimens of young, vigorous manhood to be found in Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. When thirty-eight of the students volunteered for the war with Spain every one was accepted. How many colleges for white people could equal this record?

At a time when not a little is being said about higher education in California being given over largely to the State University, it is worthy of note that the trustees of the Methodist college at College Park voted at their annual meeting last week to maintain the school as a first-class institution of high grade. It is also worthy of mention that the Ohio State University has voted to abandon the daily chapel services.

The Relief Department which the Southern Pacific Railway Company endeavored to establish, but which was defeated by the opposition of its employes, would have proved a great benefit to a large number. The system has worked satisfactorily among several railroads in the East. The men have been better cared for than under any other provision, and the railroad brotherhoods have not been injured by its introduction. As usual, whenever any plan of the Southern Pacific comes into public notice, the daily papers began to fight it; there was a great deal of misrepresentation, and soon the opposition was so strong and so determined that nothing except the countermanding of the order for its establishment would answer. In all probability a pension system would have followed the relief work after a few years.

We are sorry for Dewey. Life at sea has unfitted many a man for life ashore, in closer contact with the great, busy world. It seems to have done this in the case of Admiral Dewey. He is as unsophisticated as a child, and having fallen under the influence of exceedingly ambitious people, believing because of the great homage paid him as the hero of Manila that he could have almost anything for the asking, he has been led to declare himself a candidate for the Presidency. This time also it was the woman who first saw that the fruit was pleasant to the eyes, and she took of the fruit and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. There have been indications for some time that Mrs. Dewey had not only a bonnet, but a Presidential bee as well. Her influence in this step has been denied, but it is too apparent for successful denial. Of course there was in addition the influence of crafty politicians. Admiral Dewey has an unquestionable right to enter the race for the Presidency; the humblest citizen has that right. But there is no doubt that his announcement has caused him to decline considerably in popularity. It was not consistent with his previous declarations. The Pacific was never enthusiastic over Admiral Dewey. While almost the entire country was wildly enthusiastic in its homage, we regarded his achievements at Manila as in no manner so wonderful as to call for that profuse hero-worship which was given him. He did the only thing he could do when he was shut out of the neutral ports of Asia; he steamed for Manila, entered the harbor and captured the city. Any other commander in the service would have taken the same course and would have met with similar success.

Some months ago Dr. Hillis proposed to Dr. Gunsaulus that they travel together throughout the country, speaking, in the great centers of life and thought, "morning, afternoon and night upon the need of the revival of the sense of justice and law in American life; upon the peril of our materialism, mammonism and the destruction of our higher ideals; upon the perils that threaten the Sabbath, the only day dedicated to brooding, the vision hour and the higher spiritual life; upon the decline of moral instruction in our homes and the dangers to the American family; upon the importance of the revival of the noblest ideals of our Puritan fathers and the sweet reasonableness of the Christian faith; upon the danger of atrophy of conscience and the importance of personal forsaking of sin." The suggestion seemed to meet with the approval of Dr. Gunsaulus, but nothing has come from

it as yet. The Boston Transcript, in an editorial on "A Needed Revival," says concerning this: "It would be a welcome sight seeing Drs. Gunsaulus and Hillis traveling about the country rebuking materialism, covetousness, worldliness and impurity. Never in the history of the race were perishable wealth, the possessions which man must leave behind when he dies, accumulating so rapidly as now, and never was that wealth so generally or so comparatively evenly distributed. But it would be difficult to prove that along with this rapid increase of this world's wealth there had been any corresponding increase of ethical and spiritual resources. Applied Christianity has not kept pace with applied science. The church is not as flexible as the factory, and the market, or even the state, in making supply equal demand. The priests dominate, and the day has dawned when prophets are sorely needed."

Last week The Pacific stated editorially that there would be on Puget Sound before the middle of the next century several cities having an hundred thousand thousand population. The people of that region are in the habit of making big claims for the future, but this statement goes a little beyond anything theretofore. The writer of the paragraph was either under the mesmeric influence of some Puget Sound high enthusiast and boomer, or the proof-readers failed in their duty. To crowd in on Puget Sound several cities of an hundred thousand thousand population would be to put there all the people this Western continent can reasonably expect to have by the middle of the next century. Perhaps, however, the real garden of Eden is to be found there in the future. The writer remembers a circular received in his Eastern home about fourteen years ago, among the glowing statements of which was this: "Puget Sound is the garden of the world and Bellingham bay the flower bed of the garden." All the great expectations for that country have not been realized, but no one can study its resources and fail to conclude that there must come about there, during the next twenty-five or fifty years, a development with which that of no other part of our country will be comparable. President Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad, tells the people of Seattle that if they put no hindrances in the way their development will be by leaps and bounds. A few months ago he would have been satisfied with ocean vessels of 10,000 or 12,000 tons capacity to run in connection with his railroad; now he sees that his vessels must have a carrying capacity of at least 20,000 tons. Recently Mr. Hill has been endeavoring to bring the business men of Seattle to realize the importance of dispatch in the loading and unloading of vessels. He says that his road must have twenty-five miles of yard track, so as to handle expeditiously and cheaply the cargo of one of the vessels which he expects to have running next year. Speaking recently of the timber resources of Washington, Mr. Hill said: "I can take anybody to an acre out here and find as much freight there as could be raised on an acre of agricultural land in one hundred and fifty years."

Among the Churches.

The clergyman who prepares the religious news for the Boston Saturday Evening Transcript expresses the opinion that Professor Mitchell of Boston University, by his reply to the students who accused him of heretical teaching, has proved himself "to be sound, though somewhat liberal, in the Methodist faith."

The Sabbath Free Breakfast Mission in Edinburgh, which grew out of Mr. Moody's first evangelistic work in that city, is now twenty-five years old. Hundreds of barefooted, poorly-clad children make their way to the Mission every Sunday morning. There are thirty-six teachers in the Sunday-school. Ministering to the physical needs of all, it has been possible to minister also spiritually to many.

Among the well-known Baptist ministers in California is Dr. Frost of Los Angeles. His only son, a graduate of Stanford and a practicing attorney at Phoenix, Arizona, died recently. The young man had been skeptical, but during his last sickness, which was of several months' duration, a great change came over him. One who writes of it in The Pacific Baptist says that there were manifested in those days "patience, meekness, love, gentleness, almost an entire change of disposition."

The Episcopalians plan to send a missionary to Nome, Alaska. The Secretary of Missions states that the money for the work has been secured. He asks, "Will the right man volunteer for this difficult service?" and says: "He should be a priest between thirty and forty, should have robust health, a taste for discomfort and hard work, keen sympathy with men, and abundant hope. He should be unmarried. At present Nome is no place for a woman, accustomed to home life. The start should be made from San Francisco or Seattle by June 1st."

One who has investigated concerning the custom of presenting Easter eggs says that it is by no means a modern custom, nor confined to the Christian churches. "The Jews use eggs in the feast of the Passover, and the Persians, when they keep the festival of the solar New Year in March, mutually present each other with colored eggs. There can be little doubt that the use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of

nature—the springing forth of life in spring. From the Christian point of view, this 'Feast of Eggs' has been always considered as emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life."

The Sunday-school and Publishing Society.

Boston, April 16th.

The Sixty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society was held this afternoon, the President, Rev. Willard Scott, D.D., of Worcester, presiding. The chief feature of the proceedings was the Annual Report, presented by the Secretary, the Rev. George M. Boynton, D.D. In substance, it was as follows:

The number of those employed by the Society in the field has been twenty-two Superintendents, sixteen missionaries and five correspondents. By means of these agents the Society is brought into direct contact with the condition and needs of almost every part of the country. They have made grants of Sunday-school helps and other literature, numbering 3,046, to 1,278 Sunday-schools; 477 Sunday-schools have been organized, a considerable increase over the record of the preceding year. They have solemnized the marriages, baptized the children and attended the funerals in regions where there was no resident, and rarely a visiting, minister.

The two societies united in sustaining work in Alaska have voted to double the appropriations for the year to come, thus to enable their Superintendent to organize additional churches and secure needed helpers.

The new work in Texas and Louisiana has opened up successfully. Thirty mission Sunday-schools have been organized within that large district. Rev. W. B. D. Gray has been appointed Superintendent of Wyoming for the Sunday-school and the Home Missionary Societies. This State will rapidly increase in its population, and there will be many new openings to Christian work in the near future. Help has been gladly given to the work in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and, last of all, to the island of Guam, our latest acquisition.

Of the 104 Congregational churches added to the list during the year to January 1, 1899, 31 grew from schools planted by this agency (one-third of those thus recognized outside of New England and the Middle States) and 18 were aided from the beginning of their Sunday-school life: 16 others had been helped at some time, leaving only 30 to which this Society had given no aid. Thus nearly three-fourths of these had been helped by it.

The total receipts for the year amount to $62,990, including $1,528 paid at once into the legacy fund. This is about $5,000 more than the amount received in the preceding year. This excess is more than made up by $2,000 increase in the appropriation from the Business Department, $3,250 in the Children's Day offerings, and a special donation of $1,000 from a giver. Of this total $54,787 came from the offerings of the living, $2,317 from legacies, and $5,885 from within the Society.

The main sources of contributions are as follows:

From Sunday-schools	$24,030 80
From Churches	15,999 53
From Women's Oragnizations	5,290 78
From Individuals	4,403 49
From Ch'ches & S. S. together	3,130 85
From Churches & C. E. So.	1,873 28
From Miscellaneous Sources	58 63
Total	$54,787 36

The returns from Children's Day show an increase of $3,250 over last year, and of nearly $2,500 over the best year in the past. The $23,554 received on that day has accomplished a large part of the work of the year. "We trust that the tide will continue to rise; we will risk the banks."

The expenditures have amounted to about $3,000 more than those of the preceding year. Most of the 1,278 schools which have received aid in the way of grants of literature could not have been born or continued to exist without help. Through them some 65,000 children and older persons have been gathered.

The American Bible Society has, as in the past, generously provided Bibles and Testaments, to be distributed by superintendents and missionaries as they find the need.

The Business Department reports the best year in the history of the Society. The total net sales of the Boston and Chicago houses amounted last year to $265,636—an increase of $2,875 over last year, $11,672 over two years ago, and $31,152 over sales of three years ago. In this increase the stores at Boston and Chicago both have shared.

It has thus been able to add $10,000 to the reserve fund, which is kept for use in case of any emergency that may arise in connection with our Business Department, and, in addition, to transfer $7,500 to the Missionary Department, which is $2,500 in advance of any previous year, to cover the expenses of administration for the coming year, and the balance for the missionary work on the field.

This issue of The Pacific has been prepared for the press with great difficulty. Something like la grippe has made the bed-room more desirable for the editor than the editorial office. Nevertheless, the work had to be done, and the office has seen him every day except one.

W. C. Noble, M.D., Miss J. E. Chapin of North China, and Miss M. F. Denton and Miss A. P. Adams of Japan arrived Tuesday on the "Nippon Maru."

A Sunday in Edinburgh.

By Rev. William Rader.

"The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye," wrote Ben Jonson of Edinburgh. It is reached from London either by the Great Northern or the route through the midlands, leading through Leeds and the crumbling abbey hard by, and by Melrose and its storied abbey. At Carlisle you may branch off to the land of Burns, to Glasgow, or to the right through scenery described by Sir Walter Scott. I went over the midlands route, and saw the sun set in crimson and green behind the hills patched with snow. It was a glorious introduction to Scotland. As I looked down into the peaceful valleys and watched the smoke curl and rise to meet the mist fired with the red sun, I quoted the words of Burns—

From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur springs,
Makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

If this isn't accurately quoted it expresses, at least, something of my admiration for the Scot.

The evening shadows were shrouding Melrose and its memorable ruins and we were soon in Edinburgh, forever associated with the Waverly novels, and the names of Queen Mary, Burns, John Knox, Ramsay, and a host of others.

When I arose Sunday morning I looked out upon a city built apparently for all time, with its castles, monuments, statuary, churches and beautiful Prince's street. Opposite my hotel stands the magnificent memorial to Sir Walter Scott, while yonder is Edinburgh Castle, with its massive walls and towers, over which hung an intangible curtain of blue haze which but emphasized its vast outlines.

But I am not going to describe Edinburgh, except to say that I drew a long breath of exhilarating delight in getting away from the fogs of London and being for a time among the Scotch—the real article. If you would see the character of Scotland, see Edinburgh. It is the Scottish spirit put into stone. There you have that rugged grandeur, that plain, severe, but beautiful simplicity told in story and song. I like the lads and lassies of Bonnie Scotland. There is something so formidable, sane and resolute about them that one cannot help liking them. Edinburgh is not a chromo city, after the fashion of other cities, but it is original, individual and *sui generis*. It reminds one of Montreal or Washington. But it has never broken with the history of Great Britain. About the first thing I saw when I climbed the hill to Prince's street was the great equestrian statue of Wellington: and as I walked by I repeated to myself these lines from Tennyson:

"This is England's noblest son—
He who fought a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun."

Edinburgh observes the Sabbath with more care than any city I have yet visited. The "lift" at the hotel refuses to "lift" sinners on that day who would hasten to church. There are no street cars to be seen, no papers sold, no shops or saloons open. Everything was quiet. People go to church and they go in great numbers.

"Where is St. George's?" I inquired of a policeman, forgetting for a moment that I was not in London, where the policemen can almost tell you what the sermon is to be about. He evidently had never heard of that name, and apologetically took me to a hotel adjacent and, getting the information, pointed the way. It was communion Sunday, and only those having tickets, symbolic of righteousness, I fancy, were admitted below, so I went upstairs with the sinners. The church was Presbyterian; the preacher, Rev. Hugh Black, considered the most promising young preacher in Scotland. The church seats about 1,300, and nearly every seat was taken.

The organist, like most organists, has a reputation. His keys are down in front among the pews; so is the choir.

Rev. Hugh Black, like most preachers on this side the Atlantic, wears a gown. He looks like Byron, but is a kind of a Burns Christianized. His hair is black and bushy. He begins the service with impressive reverence, in low and musical tones. The sermon is read, and appeals for a greater knowledge of the risen Christ. The service was marred by the reading of a bunch of notices—something incongruous for a man in a gown to do; one felt as if he should have removed it for the time being, and become a reporter of current events. Notices are not sermons, though Hugh Price Hughes was quite as entertaining in making announcements as in preaching the sermon.

Mr. Black's sermon was not very effective. It was the kind the graduates of our theological seminaries preach the "first year out." It was rather philosophical for such an audience. He did not know what to do with his hands—a thing not taught in Great Britain's theological schools—but he knew what he was talking about. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper followed.

Black and Whyte.

This church has two pastors—Mr. Black, who usually preaches in the morning, and Dr. Whyte, who crowds the church at night. Dr. Whyte is probably the prince of the Scottish pulpit. For thirty years he has been the pastor of St. George's. He is now over sixty years of age, and Mr. Black assists him. Dr. Whyte looks like a well-groomed business man, and I found him delightful in conversation. He is an author, citizen, pulpit orator,

and spiritual leader. In the evening I made my way to St. George's again, as I wished to hear this man of whom I had heard so much. They told me 1,700 people could be squeezed into St. George's. If that is true, there must have been 1,699 there when I, a little late, arrived. "Do you always have such a crowd on Sunday evening?" I asked a rosy-cheeked girl who shared with me her hymnal. Her face lighted up with appreciative surprise as she replied, "Oh, yes, this is the usual attendance." Then I listened to the preacher, who spoke on "Evangelical Mysticism." It was a closely reasoned discourse, filled with keen analyses, and glowed with well-controlled fire. It was read from manuscript and closed with a passionate appeal to that congregation made up of earnest men and women, to actually know the mystical union of the soul with Christ. It was decidedly the best sermon I have heard since coming to Great Britain. Two things were borne in upon me: First, that some men do not cross the dead line at sixty; second, that the Sunday evening problem may be solved, in Scotland, by a manuscript sermon filled with the fundamental gospel. However, the personality of Dr. Whyte is an immense factor in his success. He is a prophet-priest among his people, and the hospitality of his great church is symbolized by the glowing grate fire in the vestibule, which greets and warms the visitor.

The usher told me after the service that policemen are required to assist the crowd in passing out on Sunday evenings. He referred with pride to the number of Americans who visited the church during the summer, and named certain eminent American preachers who have occupied the pulpit.

In this article I haven't the space left me to describe a visit to the Alloway Kirk, the Bonnie Doon, and the cottage of Robert Burns. Neither have I space nor time to more than mention my visit to Glasgow, where I met a son of Mr. George Dickie of San Mateo, a student of naval architecture in the University, and a most delightful young gentleman.

About two thousand Cuban school teachers will attend the summer school at Harvard. The future of the school work in Cuba is promising. It is thought that 150,000 children will soon be in attendance. Mr. Frye, the School Superintendent, says: "The Cuban children are to be taught in their own language. This is the quickest and best means of unfolding their minds, and it brings to the schoolroom native men and women who are in perfect sympathy with Cuban childhood, with its tendencies, its customs, its sensibilities. Not only does this plan promise the best result for the pupils, but it also encouraged thousands of young men and women to fit themselves for educational work."

"The Criminal."

Among the new books attracting attention just now is that entitled "The Criminal, His Personnel and Environment," by August Drahms, resident Chaplain of the State Prison at San Quentin, Cal.

The work is a comprehensive treatise upon the subject of "Criminology," embracing a critical study and analysis, both of the criminal characterization and the environmental conditions that surround and actuate him. Its outlines are well set forth in the author's preface, and further indicated by the brief but laudatory preface of Professor Lombroso, as embracing the anthropological and sociological conditions that constitute the true criminal offender as both a personal and social phenomena. The two first chapters are necessarily preliminary, though not the less interesting as philosophical analysis of crime, and a discussion fo the mooted question of criminal type, from which the author differs from its advocates (while conceding the existence of a distinctly criminalistic element) with cogent reasons that have their due right.

Under the head of "Criminal Classification," the subject is divided, generically, into three heads: I, "The Instinctive Criminal"; II, "The Habitual Criminal"; III, "The Single Offender"; which three classifications the author holds to be sufficient for ordinary purposes.

Chapter IV treats, in a highly interesting manner, of "The Instinctive Criminal—Psychological," in which his peculiar mental and moral idiosyncrasies are set forth in clear and concise language, emphasizing in its peculiar endowments on the antisocial side the survival of the *unfittest* rather than of the *fittest*, as "moral monstrosities cast upon the shores of the present by the receding waves of a past racial retrogression." The analysis under the head "The Criminal and His Religion" is especially interesting, as a keen philosophical analysis of this strange incongruity of the criminal characterization.

The "Instinctive Criminal, Physiological" (Chapter V) is a thoroughly scientific examination of his physical peculiarities, with a vast array of data (much of it original, as cranial and physiological asymmetries, all of remarkable interest that bring the personality out: "in savage perspective from the canvas of anthropological asymmetries—harsh in its discordant outlines; filled in with glaring colors drawn from the pigments of a sedimentary humanity; abnormal, viewed as a whole; startlingly familiar upon closer inspection (though no less repugnant), its synthetical outline may yet be said to rarely find its complete counterpart in actual flesh and blood."

Heredity is advanced in a most interesting chapter (VI) as the sole accountable genesis of this class of distinctive degenerates. The "Ha-

bitual Criminal" is treated in the following chapter, in detail, with a complete analysis of his characterization in differentiation of his more pronounced architype—"the one being a question of heredity, reinforced by a self-sought environment; the other (habitual) of environment, modified (or unmodified) by an unsought heredity. Heredity is the mother; environment is the father of crime." Environment is made to account for this latter class (Habituals) in the following chapter, which is interesting as it is valuable for the full and complete data bearing upon the relation sustained by the various vicious environmental conditions in vogue, as alcohol, which is fully discussed and replete with valuable information; the impaired home and family relation; pauperism; bad economic and industrial relations; and the factor of immigration that precipitates the scum of a deleterious foreign element upon these shores—all of which are potent factors of crime, and are fully set forth in these pages, making a rare study for the student in sociology and civics.

The same general trend and treatment constitutes the no less interesting subject of "The Single Offender" (Chapter IX), who "constitutes the neutral tint against which the more pronounced delinquent stands out in bold relief." He is justly characterized as the "true moral delinquent, different in his mental and moral construction in no wise from his general constituency," and is held to be a "legal offender rather than a delinquent"; "something *less* than a criminal and something *more* than a non-criminal." They combine about fifty to sixty per cent of all offenders. The chapter is a specially interesting one as bearing upon these demoralizing tendencies "injected by civilization in its march from the simple to the complex." It deserves careful reading.

"The Demography (Statictics) of Crime," traverses the whole field of criminal statistical information in civilized countries; analyzes its comparative "increase" and "decrease," with the conclusion (hitherto disputed), that serious crimes are on the decrease, and misdemeanors and lesser offences are on the increase with the progress of civilization.

A chapter devoted to Juvenile Criminality in the world is valuable, as sounding the beginnings of the criminal characterization, together with the counter responsibility society is under to provide for this class of unfortunates who are designated criminals of circumstance rather than choice, "cast in a congenital mold and held in the grasp of implacable biogenetic forces, over which he has little control." "If society *makes* the youthful criminal, it is obligatory upon her also to *unmake* him," and redeem him from a "non-productive and vicious social factor to a useful and law-abiding citizen." The chapter is full of valuable suggestions as bearing upon the reformatory features of the criminological problem, and should be read by all educators of youth.

The closing chapter on "Punishment—Reformation—Prevention" is a full, as well as very useful, digest and critique of the institutional features of penological treatment of these unfortunates, and is replete with useful, practical suggestions for the betterment of institutional methods as reformative rather than preventive agencies, while the reconstruction and readjustment of certain deteriorative social and political machinery is made the necessary antecedents to an intelligent prevention of crime, or rather, the conditions precedent that make crime impossible. "Prevention is better than cure."

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The Conflict of Arms.

Still the Philippine and still the South African war goes on. War may have some fruitage of good. Fighting an outsider harmonizes things at home. It is unifying then. Men for a time drop their differences and antagonisms and go in to whip the common enemy. Yet really no proper set of men need war to make them counsel and act together; to make them pool their interests and have friendly relations. Then, too, war sometimes puts a final ending to some crying evil, and justifies itself by the much greater prosperity that follows it. The American Revolution and the Civil War ended some evil things forever—some wanton wrongs. Furthermore, war has time and again helped civilization. It has consolidated a great state and put it, with its civic peace and order, in place of a number of small, wavering states. It has put an end to many a small and cruel tyrant. So that, amid its terrible ruin, it has sometimes wrought well for the people in the long run.

Yet war is anti-social. Other things being equal the strifes of men are hurtful. They tend to bring out more of the evil than of the good in human nature and human life, while on the contrary peace and harmony favor life and growth and all the tendencies of progress.

Upon the whole, we hardly have more need of war than we have of a "set to" in the family as a help to the home. Though in cases of domestic vice and tyranny or cruelty, even that may be necessary. There are differences enough already for the variety and spice and excitement of life. War is somewhat a survival of barbarism. It is getting to be an anachronism. As a method and a policy it is more and more to be dropped, as have been a great many other hard and cumbersome and cruel methods. *E. W. B.*

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Pacific Seminary Commencement.

The commencement day exercises of the Pacific Theological Seminary took place on Tuesday, April 10th.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the forenoon. Rev. F. B. Cherington of San Francisco gave an interesting address upon "Some Ideals for the Preacher." The speaker compared soaring ideals with trudging realities, giving illustrations to make the comparison more vivid. He then continued: "We ought to aim to be as great preachers as it is possible for us to be. I do not say that it is necessary that we should be orators, professors of systematic theology or Biblical institute managers, but preachers of the gospel, appealing to and arousing conscience, reproving of sin, pleading for justice, righteousness and a high moral courage; comforting the sorrowing, encouraging the despairing, proclaiming great truths that give men hope and strength; expounders of Christ's teachings, unfolding and emphasizing all Scriptural truths.

"We should preach the Word. The pulpit was established for this and this only. It is not a rival of the Sunday theatre. Rev. Up-to-Date Nimble Jack, Ph.D., thinks otherwise and gets the crowd, but we should keep right on preaching to the few who want the truth."

The speaker referred to the necessity of attaining as high a scholarship as possible as a means to an end. This, he said, was highly important, but that some other things were equally so. He said the ministers should try to be as great scholars as they conscientiously could be, as great men as it is possible for them to be, and men of as profound consecration as possible.

The following officers of the Alumni Association were elected for the ensuing year; President, Philip Coombe of San Francisco; Vice-President, S. C. Patterson of Lodi; Secretary-Treasurer, E. D. Hale of Niles. After reading of the committee reports it was decided to hold a social reunion in Eureka in October.

At the conclusion of the meeting the members of the alumni took luncheon at the Crellin hotel.

The graduating exercises, at half past two, were well attended and of a most interesting character.

Prof. Thomas F. Day, D.D., of the San Francisco Theological Seminary at San Anselmo delivered the commencement address, speaking on "The Manifold Word of God." Dr. Day is an able thinker, of attractive personality, and most successful as a teacher. The large audience listened attentively to his address. He said in part:

"The Word of God is first found in human reason. It was addressed first to a single nation, but intended for all nations. The Bible is then in a special sense the word of God. But the word was first an experience and a life. But it must be written in order to preserve and transmit the priceless heritage of inspiration. In this form it goes out into all the world, and its purpose is to bring men to the living Christ who inspired it.

"Preaching is also a form of the word of God, and the characteristics of true preaching are conformity to the Scriptures as the standard—the fusion of the preacher's personality with the word, adaptation of the word to the times, and the anointing of the Holy Spirit. This is the preaching that converts the world.

"The word of God is broader still. We are brought to Christ by the Scriptures and the Scriptures teach us that Christ is the eternal Word, the only interpreter of the invisible God. By him all things were made and in him they consist.

"Gentlemen of the graduating class, in this rapid survey of a wide field I have sought to bring before you the old but ever new truth that all things in heaven and earth are redolent of Christ, that he is the interpreter of God to man; that his is the personal word in whom the thought of the Infinite finds expression; that he first created the world which afterwards he reconciled to himself in the body of his humiliation, and that the manifoldness of creation speaks forth the manifoldness of his being and thought and will. Wherever we go we find Christ the immanent God; we see the radiance of that light that filleth all space and shines for all eternity. Christ, himself the greatest mystery, is the solvent of all other mysteries."

The graduates were Joseph Augustine Benton, Reid Brown Cherington, Richard Carlton Day, Henry Buckingham Mowbray and Burton Murray Palmer. Special students: Yahokhi Horlye and George Henry Wilbur.

There were no other exercises, except the conferring of degrees by the President of the institution, accompanied by a brief parting address.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees immediately following the public exercises President McLean gave a review of the leading events of the year closing. Among the most prominent of these were the following: The formal decision, made April 24, 1899, to remove the institution to Berkeley and place it in some working relation with the State University; the adoption of a greatly advanced standard for the admission of students; the selection of a new site at Berkeley, the subsequent purchase of the same, and the payment to date of $12,000 on the purchase price; the formation, at the instance of this Seminary, between the eight Congregational institutions of theology—seven in the United States, one

in Canada—of an inter-seminary conference, to meet annually for the purpose of advancing and unifying seminary work; the putting into effect of an exchange of class room work between ourselves and a sister seminary of another denomination, the Christian Bible School, at Berkeley; the readjustment upon a new basis, that of merit, of the administration of pecuniary aid to students; and the decision arrived at by faculty and trustees, but still pending before the authorities of the University, of placing on permanent deposit the seminary library with the library of the State University.

A Disjointed Confession.

By A. P. Reacher.

VI. A Sister's Influence.

Just how a sister affects a brother is quite beyond analysis. That there is some subtle, spiritual influence that approaches the unconscious is certain. The brother rarely is inclined to copy his sister or lower himself to girlish ways; he has the innate sense of headship which either God or the training of the race has implanted in him and which some would weed out as unjust and unkind. And yet every true boy will acknowledge that there is something in his sister which he does not have and cannot expect to possess; he yields it unasked and is more the man for the recognition of it.

As I look back over my life I am at a loss to know where and how my sister laid hold of me. I recall very few marked instances of striking service and blame my memory for the loss of them. I have distinct memories of the hardships and disappointments which she endured—they were always a little beyond my comprehension, being found within the range of girldom, where I could not enter. We had many things in common and even when we shared and shared alike there was something in her experience that was not in mine. I have come to be thankful that it is so, and it would be a calamity to every boy if it were possible to reduce man and woman to a common denominator.

It was in this region which was beyond my reach that my sister affected me most. Here, in the silences that were vocal, was the heavenly speech which hath neither sound nor voice. Watch her? I think not. There was no particular weighing of conduct, no particular guidance, no teaching of morals. In fact, there was a disposition to resent the attempt to become a moral sponsor. On one occasion when she asserted the right to rule over me I informed her that she was only twenty months older than I and thus her claim was vitiated. Let it be remarked that my language was not the same as here written—I presume it was more vehement and less grammatical. But say what one can, the moral tension of my life was tightened and she did it the most effectively when she thought nothing of it.

I have noticed this in sisters. I have seen a younger brother disobey without any apparent reason; in fact, do that which was not for his own interest, to show that he was not tied to his sister's apron-strings. And yet there was in him a loyalty that was not to be questioned and a disposition to honestly earn his sister's good opinion that was full of hope for the future. For after all the best influence is the undemonstrated—to assert one's dignity is to forfeit it. And so in very quietness I was molded by the one and only sister who grew up with me. I hope that the day will never come when I shall be compelled to estimate exactly the weight of her influence. It belongs somewhere in the infinities.

I have discovered also that my experience is not unique. The description of the feelings of Philemon, in Hypatia, when he discovered that he had a sister, reveals a kindred experience in Kingsley, or possibly the observation of the same thing in the thought of brothers. F. D. Maurice was brought up in a family of sisters, and has said that he has learned more from women than men, and he was sure that they had taught him the deepest wisdom. I think the incident which he recorded is full of instruction for brothers and sisters: "My sister Emma said to me, when we were both grown up, that the scent of some violets which we gathered together as children at Normanstone had never passed out of her soul. How I envied her the freshness and freedom of heart which that experience implied!" Dean Stanley also was greatly indebted to his "quiet, unobtrusive, active" sister Mary, whose sympathy in every interest was a marvellous teacher, and to which he "owed much of the rapidity and freedom of his expansion, and the habit of giving his best self, however trivial appeared the occasion." It was the wise, gentle, and quiet invalid sister of John Keble, famous for the "Christian Year," who wrought peace and gentleness into his life—and who can tell how much we owe her for that influence?

Would it not be a chapter in civilization to bring together the sisters of great men and show what they have done for the world? Renan could bring his contribution and a host of others to swell the power of sisterhood. I do not write this to make some sister who stumbles on these words think of her importance. She is not to be important. That is, if she really desires to do the best. It is the apparent strength that repells and undoes the work. A sister comes to her own without planning for it, without demanding it, and without expecting it. So it seems to me from my experience. But the hidden influence that arises, is not forced up, molds and compels the personality of those which it touches. And it is true

here above some other places, there must be a fountain of goodness and sympathy in the sister's heart—a real desire to lift others, whether she is lifted herself or not. She need have no fear of her own uplifting, but she must let it come of itself and it will be richer and fuller because of her service.

This is the law of all spiritual development. If you pull a plant up what have you done? Uplifted it, no doubt of that; but killed it also. Do something to make it grow; make the conditions right; it must be cell upon cell and cell from cell. I know of nothing so fully illustrative of this law as the life of a true sister. I do not wonder at the larger spiritual life of the women of the churches, because many of them have been drilled in this school; most of them have been sisters. They have not learned this great truth about themselves, so they give of their life and effort to the building of the kingdom and the home, and are thenceforth ennobled, enshrined, in the world's progress. The men fail to give them credit for this undying, inestimable service for which we all owe them an apology. Some women do not perceive the value of the unnoticed influence and clamor for the noisy work of men; but if they could see aright, they would never yield the greater for the less.

My Fate.

W. W. Lovejoy.

At thy feet I fain would fall,
Savior divine;
Making offering of all
That I count mine.
Oh, not as weary of my charge
And its demands;
Nor that I count my task too large
For feeble hands.
But that *one* friendship, holy, true,
My heart must know;
The New Birth doth, with powers new,
My nature show.
And from its depths breaks forth a cry:
"Like Thee!" "For Me!"
"Ask what you will"—my Friend's reply—
"I died for thee."
And so I give my all the Thee.
And know no loss;
While in the flame of love I see
Consumed its dross.
And every beauty, every grace,
Which I admire,
In perfect lineaments I trace—
Thy soul's attire—
A passion strong, and high, elate,
A wedded bliss,
In which I read at length my fate
As meant for THIS!
As meant for this!

The prairie dogs are destroying the range grass in Western Kansas to such an extent that the people are appealing to the Governor for some method for their extermination. But the Governor says that he knows no way of stopping the ravages of the pest.

The Busy World.

Edward Everett Hale says concerning Mr. Sheldon's newspaper: "I think Mr. Sheldon's critics have been very unjust to him in comparing his journal with the great journals of the world—say with the London Times, or the Nord, as it once was, or with Figaro, or with the Boston Transcript. The comparison should be made with the average Topeka Capital of other days. Now there are many travelers between California and Boston who have bought the Topeka Capital in the morning, as the Achison, Topeka & Santa Fe Company bore them rapidly away from Topeka eastward or westward. These readers have not wholly forgotten what they bought, perhaps. Though they probably have, because there was so little to remember."

In the British cabinet the Colonial secretaryship has come to be one of the most important of positions. Even the subordinate administrations of this great office are made up of highly educated university men, who are appointed only after they have successfully passed the severest possible examination to which the intellect of man can be subjected. The work of the Colonial Secretary is enormous. He is concerned in the details of forty distinct and independent governments. The South African war has bound many of Great Britain's colonies more firmly to the empire. For the first time in their history the British colonists are fighting side by side with English troops, and making a supreme effort to maintain England's high prestige and the integrity of her world-wide empire.

Exclusive of side and double tracks, the mileage of the four longest railroads is as follows: Chicago & Northwestern, 8,346 miles; Burlington Route, 7,859; Santa Fe, 7,718; Canadian Pacific, 7,684. Most persons guess the Pennsylvania and the Southern Pacific as among the first four. The Southern Pacific ranks fifth with 7,201 miles; then comes the Pennsylvania, with 7,098 miles. The other railroads longer than 2,000 miles follow in the order named: Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, 6,420; Southern Railway, 6,416; Missouri Pacific, 5,326; Great Northern, 5,203; Northern Pacific, 4,746; Grand Trunk, 4,183; Illinois Central, 3,996; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, 3,771; Louisville & Nashville, 3,235; Union Pacific, 3,060; New York Central & Hudson River, 2,924; Big Four, 2,345; Missouri, Kansas & Texas, 2,222; Baltimore & Ohio, 2,204; Plant System, 2,140; Erie, 2,104; Mexican Central, 2,054; New York, New Haven & Hartford, 2,047.

At the recent Commencement day exercises at the Carlisle Indian school Senator Thurston, chairman of the United States Senate

Indian Committee, gave what Elaine Goodale Eastman calls "a masterly address." The Senator referred to the original relation between the races, and entered an emphatic denial of the doctrine that the Indians owned this continent by the right of occupancy. They did not occupy; they merely roamed over it. While affirming the supreme rights of civilization, he did not deny the wrongs that had followed the contact of the white man with the red. The pathway of civilization is often a bloody one; but behind the flag and behind the sword come the school house and the church. There is no longer an American frontier—we have made our irresistible march from sea to sea! The red man can no longer oppose us with arms in his hands—he must fight with the weapons of peace! There is, said Senator Thurston emphatically, no race or color prejudice against the Indian. "You are recognized as having always been free men—men of intellect, honest-minded men—and we welcome you to a plane of social and moral equality."

Every year whaling vessels are obliged to go farther north in search of their game, for the big mammal is fast being exterminated, and the day is not far distant when whaling will no longer be the profitable business it once was. Most of the whales are found now north of Bering Strait. They spend the winter south of the Strait under the ice of the Bering sea, or out in the chilly open of the north Atlantic; but with the coming of spring those waters grow too warm for their taste and they migrate toward the Arctic.

The Christian Register asks, "Is a new irruption of the barbarians possible?" It does not answer the question, but indulges in some interesting reflections: "We are accustomed to say that this is a small world that we live in, because the civilized parts of it are so well known. The few thousand people who travel for pleasure meet each other everywhere. Many, also, have penetrated into the countries that lie outside the range of civilization. The "unexplored" portions of the earth have been filled up on the maps with so many details that we have flattered ourselves that at last the whole world lies open. We have imagined that wars would cease, and we have assured ourselves that there can never be another invasion of barbarians to work their will upon civilization, as did the Goths and Vandals. An irruption of an alien race like that which invaded Spain we have declared to be henceforth impossible. And yet it is among the recent discoveries that in Africa, north of the Niger and back of the French possessions on the Mediterranean, there are twenty millions of Mohammedans armed, semi-civilized, zealots for religion, haters of European civilization and the infidel, ready some day not far distant to break out with irresistible power toward the Mediterranean or the Red Sea. Kitchener, with his machine guns, mowed down twenty thousand fanatics under the Mahdi; and machine-guns, rightly placed, can no doubt stay any tide of human beings armed with muskets and scimetars. But cannot this new horror be evaded? Must Christianity and Islam meet once more upon the battlefield? The shock of such an encounter would be felt from the Congo to the borders of China. In comparison with such a conflict the wars of the Crusades would seem like neighborhood quarrels."

Noting the progress of the nineteenth century, in a recent address, Prof. Parsons of the Boston University law school spoke as follows concerning our material progress: "Steam and electricity and mechanical contrivances have multiplied the productive power of labor many fold. A sewing machine will do the work of twelve to fifteen women. A McKay machine enables one workman to sole three hundred to six hundred pairs of shoes a day; while he could handle but five or six pairs in a day by former methods. A good locomotive will pull as much as eight hundred horses or 8,000 men. Four men, with the aid of machinery, can plant, raise, harvest, mill and carry to market wheat enough to supply with bread 1,000 people for a year. A girl in a cotton mill can turn out calico enough in a year to clothe 1,200 persons, more or less, depending somewhat on the size of the persons and the number of changes of cotton they have. The total machine power of the country is equivalent to the labor of a half a billion willing slaves, or an average of twenty to every human worker. On the basis of human slavery, the Athenians built up a civilization in which every freeman might have ample leisure for culture and civic and social life. On the grander basis of service by the powers of nature, we are building a civilization in which all shall be truly free, and shall enjoy ample leisure for development and association with far greater means for both than the Athenians ever possessed. In Athens, in her palmiest days, there were five or six slaves to each freeman; our machinery already equals twenty for every worker; and in another fifty years may equal forty, fifty, sixty or more for every man, or one hundred, perhaps, for every family. And these splendid servitors of steel and brass are exempt from the pangs of hunger and cold, are never oppressed with weariness, lose no liberty in their servitude, and find no misery in subjection.

The largest orchards in the world are said to be near Rodney, West Virginia. They contain 250,000 peach and plum trees. Pictures of these orchards will be exhibited at the Paris Exposition.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President ..... Mrs. H. E. Jewett
2511 Benvenue Avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer ..... Mrs. S. M. Lodge
1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary ..... Mrs. C. B. Bradley
2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary ..... Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer ..... Young Ladies' Branch
Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

From Mrs. T. A. Baldwin.

Brousa, Turkey, Feb, 23, 1900.

We have fifty pupils. The boarding pupils are nine, representing six places, and we are trying to train them so that they may indeed shine as bright lights when they return to their homes. The kindergarten is a decided success; their school room as bright and cheery a place as one could wish to see, and their entertainment at the close of the term would have interested you greatly, I am sure. All their recitations and songs, in Armenian or English, and the pretty pieces of work displayed, were fully appreciated by the large company present. It was the first time that I had no little gifts from America to distribute (how I longed for a supply of dolls or scrap-books!); but I could not disappoint childish expectations, so prepared a basket of bright tarletan bags of candy, another basket with little dolls and balls, and a tray of picture cards, which the Seniors presented in such a way as to delight the little ones. To the boys' school we sent candy, oranges and cards on New Year's day, and later about half the school or thirty boys came to call on us. Sometimes friends from abroad visiting the school put a trifle in my hand to use for such extras, and this year it came in very handy.

In the main school our closing exercises were very different from our ordinary program. Near the end of the year we let the girls choose whether they would rather give or receive this time, and they unanimously chose the former without waiting to think it over. They prepared their Christmas recitations and songs with the same zest as ever, and all wanted a share in the "Give" exercise, while all were busy in their own way, quietly planning what to bring. Naturally, we did not invite a miscellaneous company on January 11th, but only a few friends who would be in sympathy with the occasion.

PROGRAM.

The program consisted of a recitation, "What Shall Little Children Bring?" then Scripture verses in English about "Giving"; a hymn, "Give, 'Tis the Savior's Precept." Then all the girls went out to bring their gifts, which they had hidden here and there. Their coming in was a sight worth seeing, and the big table was soon covered with the offerings. As they had agreed, most of them, to provide a Christmas dinner and New Year's sweets for the orphans, there were turkeys, hens, vermicelli, maccaroni, oranges, candy, 130 tarletan bags filled with dried fruits, nuts, etc., in large quantities; also handkerchiefs, stockings, fifty nice blank books, towels, ribbon. Then followed an anthem, "Inasmuch as Ye Have Done It unto One of the Least of These, My Brethren, Ye Have Done It unto *Me*." A few words from the pastor, the Doxology, and distribution of Christmas cards followed. Afterwards we older ones collected and divided the gifts between the two orphanages. We trust this practical lesson in giving will never be forgotten.

On Saturday evening before our Christmas there was a beautiful tree for the orphans in their school-room, provided by friends in Germany and Switzerland.

"NO HOPE OF HELP."

The holiday vacation is not long, and withal was so full of visiting days that I found no time at all for writing, and, in fact, ever since September my letter record is most meagre. My friends must all be very lenient, since what strength I have is so wholly given to the school. That work seems the most imperative just now, since no help has come from any quarter, neither *hope* of help. Literally, I can not say that I am "at home," for I have been obliged to come to the hot mineral baths for a lame right arm again—not the old pain in my shoulder, which was completely relieved by previous treatment here, but a new pain in the elbow-joint since before Christmas, just about two months ago. I thought it would pass with the application of various remedies, but a month slipped by and there was still no change for the better; on the contrary, though I could do my work in the school-room I could not sleep at night. So, when my husband returned from a two weeks' tour and found how I was still suffering, he made arrangements to try the bath at once.

We drive into the city every morning, so that I am in school for opening exercises at nine, and as soon as I am free in the afternoon we drive back again. I take the treatment for my arm and rest during the evening, so that on going to bed I can generally sleep pretty well, and next morning feel quite ready for my classes again. My work to-day would have been from Bible classes and vocal music *before* noon; rhetoric and physics *after*. (Exercise books, compositions, etc., I always bring home to correct.) I wish I might look in upon the girls to-day. They enjoy their Bible lessons so much that I know they will feel disappointed when they realize I am not coming. I sent word to Miss Rebecca (my faithful, competent assistant, one of my own graduates in 1887) to let the first class spend their time qui-

etly together in an inner room, and then have the seniors take charge of the other three classes, successively. These three girls have all joined the church since coming to school, and they seem to grow more conscientious from day to day. Anticipating the prospect of graduating in July they begin to realize their privileges as never before. It is barely possible that another girl may graduate with them. I am praying that my strength may hold out till then.

It is a constant regret to me that I cannot write as I wish, to the many friends who have kindly remembered me during the past Christmas time, as well as to those who write more regularly.

May what I have written be a little chip to help in the kindling of the "fire" of an "interest in missions," which others may feed with more substantial fuel.

W. H. M. U. of Southern California.

Annual Meeting.

The twelfth annual meeting of the W. H. M. U. of Southern California was held in connection with the tenth anniversary of the Southern Branch of the W. B. M. P., at Santa Barbara, April 8th and 9th. In spite of the distance of Santa Barbara from most of the towns of Southern California, more than fifty delegates were in attendance and the meetings were full of interest.

The subject of missions was introduced Sunday morning by a strong sermon from Rev. J. L. Maile, Superintendent of Home Missions for Southern California, in which he showed the relation of women to Paul's first missionary work, and the important place which the work of women has always had.

The work of the children's department of the Union was explained by the Superintendent of Children's Work at a Sunday-school Rally, and the Y. P. S. C. E., at their evening meeting, listened to a presentation of the work they are asked to do.

Monday morning, after a generous two hours had been given for sight-seeing in the interesting old town, came the business session, which was filled with reports from departments and the usual routine business.

Progress in all lines was apparent, as will be seen by the fact that the Treasurer's report showed the total receipts for the year to be $2,924.30, which is over $300 more than we dared to hope and plan for a year ago, and this in spite of another dry year and the loss of our efficient and experienced Treasurer in the middle of the year. With thankful hearts we take courage for another year.

Two new features of our work this year may be mentioned. For the first time we share in the Cradle Roll interest and blessing, and rejoice in the three hundred and twenty-five little ones who are entering on the missionary work. The smallest sum received by our Treasurer was thirteen cents, from a small Cradle Roll Band, and there was a smile and a tear on many a face when that item was read, as we thought that the great sums and the small have their *true* value only in his sight.

The other new feature of our work this last year has been the sending out of monthly programs which have first appeared in The Pacific, then, reprinted in leaflet form, have been sent to auxiliaries together with available literature on the subjects discussed. These programs are not intended to replace the fine program work of well-organized societies, but simply to be suggestive to societies that may feel the need of such helps.

Some interesting "Sketches of Fisk University," by one who has taught there, and a pleasant social hour, occupied Monday evening, and after accepting an invitation to meet in Redlands next year, with thanks to the Santa Barbara friends for their hospitality, the meeting adjourned.

As we shall all be looking with great interest for the earliest news from Alaska this spring, it is thought best to bring to our minds the history of our missionary work there:

PROGRAM.

Subject, "Alaska."

I. Devotional. Heavenly treasure versus earthly treasure.

II. Brief history of Alaska and its political relations to the United States (five-minute paper).

III. Five-minute talk, A Trip to Alaska in the Present Year. (To be prepared and given as if one were really about to go.)

IV. The early missionary work of Messrs. Thornton and Lopp.

V. The plans and work of Loyal L. Wirt.

VI. Reading of the leaflet, "A Thrilling Story," by L. L. Wirt.

Consult Encyclopedia and United States history for II; also files of The Outlook, Forum and other magazines. See Congregational Work for October and December, 1899. See Pilgrim Missionary for September, 1899. Also leaflets will be sent to each auxiliary. Apply for home missionary literature to Mrs. E. C. Norton, Claremont.

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

There is nothing small in a world where a mud creek swells to an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold.

To be willing is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do and must only be willing to wait.—[Henry Drummond.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Jesus and John the Baptist (Luke vii: 18-28).

LESSON V. April 29, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"*He hath done all things well*" (*Mk. vii: 37*).

Introduction.

Parallel Passage: Matthew xi: 2-11.

Place: John was a prisoner at Machaerus, on the east of the Jordan; Jesus was in Galilee, possibly still at Nain.

Time: Very shortly after the last lesson, probably early in the summer of 28 A. D.

Since the last lesson: Immediately after raising Jairus' daughter, the Master started on another circuit through Galilee. Upon this circuit he came to Nain, a village about 25 miles to the southwest of Capernaum. There he wrought the miracle by which he restored to the poor widow her only son and support, who was being carried out to his burial. Of that miracle we read that "this report went forth concerning him in the whole of Judea, and all the region round about" (Luke vii: 17).

This was the season of Jesus' most incessant activity. Among the crowds who swarmed about him were those who still retained their discipleship to John the Baptist. Apparently, they had more or less free access to John, even though he was a prisoner, and they reported the news of Jesus' words and works to him. Just here it is well to recall the leading events of John's life. His ministry probably began about July, 26 A. D., when he reached his thirtieth year. After about six months of preaching, Jesus came to him and was baptized early in 27 A. D. John's ministry continued until the end of 27, about December, when he was betrayed into the hands of Herod. It will be remembered that Herod was enraged at John's condemnation of his relation to Herodias. But John was comparatively safe as long as he did not cross the Jordan into Perea, or go up in Galilee, both of which belonged to Herod. It seems most probably that those who gave John into Herod's hand (see R. V., Matt. iv: 12; Mark i: 14) were the Pharisees, who were determined to put an end to both Jesus and his forerunner. They began accordingly with John. Having disposed of him, they were next to lay hold on Jesus in some way. Jesus' increasing work was causing them concern. John iv: 1-3 makes it evident that Jesus left Judea because of the movements of the Pharisees against him.

John has now been a prisoner in the fortress of Machaerus for at least six months. He is evidently being affected by his long imprisonment. Hence, his message.

Critical Notes.

V. 18. This report to John must have quite a full account of Jesus' doings and sayings.

V. 19. Evidently John pondered over this report. Finally he determined to send a message to Jesus by two of his own disciples. The message is in the form of a question, "Art thou he that cometh" (R. V.). That was a popular designation of the promised Messiah. (Cf. Luke iii: 16; xiii: 35; xix: 38; Heb. x: 37.) "Or must we look for another?" i. e., a different kind. Various theories have been propounded as to the reason in John for this message. Some hold that it was for the sake of John's own disciples, who needed definite information in the matter. Others say John's own faith was failing, because Jesus did not seem to come up to his expectations as to what the Messiah should accomplish. Others say John was becoming impatient, because Jesus did not act more positively and claim more directly to be the Messiah, and possibly also because he did not intervene in John's behalf and secure his release from prison.

As to these reasons it is hard to decide. John could hardly have been in serious doubt, else he could not have sent to Jesus. But after all it seems probable that his imprisonment had affected his nature. His life had been so free from restraint that the weary months in prison naturally had depressed his spirits, and it may be had temporarily affected his faith.

V. 20. The message was delivered to Jesus, and evidently while he was surounded by the multitudes.

V. 21. Actions are often more eloquent than words, and it was with actions that Jesus answered the question. The miraculous deeds of that hour constituted the strongest kind of testimony to the Messiahship of Jesus.

V. 22. Having wrought these miracles in the sight of the messengers, Jesus bade them return to John and tell him what they had seen. It is probable that John had already heard of many of such miracles. But he had in some way lost sight of their evidential value. It is especially noticeable that Jesus enjoined them last of all to inform John that "to the poor the gospel is preached."

V. 23 is best given in the Revised Version: "Blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in me." John needed just such a caution. He had been stumbling at something about Jesus.

V. 24. With this verse begins our Lord's testimony to John. "It is as if the Savior could scarcely wait for the departure of the messengers to remove immediately the unfavorable impression which the question of the Baptist had, perhaps, made upon the people." The people had flocked to hear John in the wilderness. Jesus assures them that it was no fickle and faltering man they had heard—no reed shaken by the wind.

V. 25. Nor was he a pampered favorite of fortune or of the court. On the contrary,

"John had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat was locusts and wild honey."

V. 26. But the man they had heard was in very truth a prophet. He was the last and the greatest of that mighty succession which had reached away back to the early days of Israel. But he was more than a mere prophet, for he was also the forerunner of Jesus. His function as the one to point out the Messiah lifted him above all his predecessors in the prophetic line.

V. 27. This quotation is from Mal. iii: 1—one of the most frequently repeated bits of Messianic prophecy.

V. 28. "It is human generation," says Plummer, "as distinct from heavenly generation, that is meant. John's superiority lay, not in his personal character, but in his office and mission: the glory of being the immediate forerunner of the Messiah was unique. He was a prophet, like Moses and Elijah; yet he not only prophesied, but saw and pointed out to others him of whom he prophesied." But still, even though all this is true of John, the humblest Christian enjoys a position of higher favor and blessing.

Lesson Teaching.

1. There are none of us who may not fittingly pray, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

2. As a heroic and faithful proclaimer of truth, John is worthy of having many successors.

3. John's faithfulness constitutes a large element of the basis of his greatness.

4. There are none of us who do not need to be prayed for, that our faith may not fail when the test is applied.

The injury done to San Francisco in particular and to the State at large by the bubonic plague scare in this city will probably never be computed. It is certain, however, that the action of our local Board of Health in quarantining Chinatown and the widespread advertising which the yellow journals gave to the matter have greatly injured the business of the city and State. There is no reliable evidence that there ever was a single case of bubonic plague in this city. Indeed, the very best medical authorities agree that the one Chinaman who died had been afflicted for months with a disease that affects the glands and that there was no reason for pronouncing his disease bubonic plague. The cleansing of Chinatown consequent upon the scare was no doubt a good thing, but it is a sad commentary upon the methods of our Board of Health and of certain journals that we could name that San Francisco, one of the healthiest cities of the world, should be advertised as a plague spot to the rest of mankind.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

What Is God's Due? (Luke xx: 19-26).

Topic for April 29th.

I do not know why we so constantly descend to commercial terms and ideals whenever we speak of our obligations to God. This reference in Luke would carry a very different impression if Jesus had said, "*Pay* to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and *pay* to God the things that are God's." Pay and demand in our relation to God are conceptions that, in every instance, will rob the Christian experience of its distinctive and most elevating features. Our transactions with God belong to the realm of the exchanges of love and not to the department of dicker and traffic.

* * *

We are not only inclined to the use of commercial terms in our dealings with God, but we seem to readily fall into the usual commercial weaknesses. For instance, we magnify whatever we give to him and undervalue the abounding blessings he showers upon us. In parting with our time and our labor and our coin in what we call "the Lord's work," it appears to us that we are donating a large amount; and if the occasions occur too frequently we resent it with emphasis. This is too much, we think; as if the balance of trade were too heavily swinging as a burden upon us. So we refuse and wait awhile until God has evened up matters a little by additional blessings.

Besides this we want low prices to prevail. Just study this for a time. Notice how people pray and sing and testify of their expectations from God, and then compare the time and service and money they devote solely to him with what they expect in the way of divine benefactions. Is there any activity in our lives where so much return is anticipated from so little effort as in the Christian experience? We hear people say: "I cannot trade at that store because their prices are too high." Similarly, we see Christians avoiding churches because the gospel there comes too high. They flee away from the church near by because it is in debt, and they may be expected to assist in clearing it away. Off they go quite across the city, or to another denomination in the country to a church less burdened with indebtedness where the calls for money will be less annoying.

* * *

Have you ever seen a millionaire or a capitalist of some wealth saying to himself: "There around the corner is a small church struggling along to do a good work for God. I am going to unite myself with that people and do what I can to make that enterprise successful"? Yes, you have. Many an effort owes

its progress and ultimate place in city and country to just such consecrated men as these. Thank God for them. But perhaps you have the more frequently seen numbers hiding themselves in large congregations where the demand upon their time and their money would be reduced to the smallest amounts. This is the weakness of commercialism carried into the Church of the living God. As long as we think and talk about paying God and God paying us, we shall see the sharp practice of disciples running away from churches and duties where they are liable to be called upon to devote much of toil or means to the work of the gospel. We shall see the moving crowd entering the houses of worship where "the bargain counter" makes the largest display of something for little or nothing.

* * *

Christian Endeavorers, can we not lift this topic this week above the old and ineffectual platitudes we have heard so long. What the world of Christians needs is not more systems and schemes and methods to take away its penuriousness, but the conviction, deep and controlling, that what is due to God is *love-absorbing, devoted and self-forgetting* love. Love cannot be stingy. Love runs towards duty, and not away from it. The cry for help is music to the ear of love. The mother never is happier than when she hastens to her calling child and folds it to her throbbing bosom with words of comfort and assurance, although it be at cost and suffering on her own part. Fill the Christian's heart with love, and his perpetual motto is, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to accomplish his work." The louder the call, the more attractive the opportunity; the greater the need of sacrifice, the quicker the response. It is the weakening of our love to God that makes our prophecies and our knowledge and our gifts such clanging cymbals just now—more noise than music.

* * *

We need a return to personal culture. Why not follow in a better way some of the spirit of the times. The world is specializing. The student fixes his goal and then studies for it. We need more love. This, with all it means, is God's due. Let us study for it. The culture of prayer, of the Word of God, of careful use of sermon, song and conference and of strict self-discipline in habit, will as certainly fill our souls with love as burning the midnight oil will lift the scholar to his ambition. It is a simple proposition. With love God will have his due; without love no scheme or artifice will make it possible.

Large contributions have already been made in London toward the $3,000 000 endowment for the Moody schools.

Enter into Thy Closet—Shut the Door.

Too many of our closets have doors that are never really shut. Even in our most sacred moments, when we would be alone with God, something tramps with strong, demanding tread across the threshold. Sometimes it calls by the name of Duty, and we listen to its calls. Sometimes through the door that is ajar, our pleasures whisper that they are waiting for us, and we let the restless tempters come in and bid them wait behind us until we are over with our prayers. Sometimes it is our hurts, our griefs, our cares, our geat temptations, our small anxieties, that, like a brood of black-hued birds, flutter near, filling all the upper air with the whirring of their shadowy wings—hiding even the thorn-crowned Face our souls have come to meet. We have entered into our closet, but we have not "shut the door."

Let us close it tight against the clamorous voices of our outside life. Listen! Perhaps his voice is waiting to speak. In the intense solitariness—wait! Perhaps your hand shall find its way into the outstretched hand of Christ.

What next, do you ask? Why, that hand will draw you closer and closer to his side until you will be brought to remembrance of him. Remembrance of him means a living, loving sense of what he is, what he has done, what he said and what he still is saying, and, above all, what he suffered. How little time out of the busy days of our active lives do we give to this remembrance! Little throbs of grateful recollection may now and then hasten the laggard stream of our thought, and pulsate with quickening power the current of our devotion, but not much of the daily living and doing is "in remembrance of him." Remembrance of him means forgetfulness of self, and the measure of our self-forgetting is the test of our remembrance. And the remembering and the forgetting are dependent on being much alone with him, and that cannot be unless the door is shut.—[Silver Cross.

The Churchman says: "We have heard enough and too much of the decline of churchgoing. Before men busy themselves with any further explanations of the fact, it would be as well to inquire if it is a fact at all. We believe that to-day a larger part of the American population will be found in church on Sunday than would have been the case at any period in our history."

It seems as if heroes had done almost all for the world that they can do; and not much more can come till common men awake and take their common tasks. I believe the common man's task is the hardest.—[Phillips Brooks.

Great Schemes.

I'm going to write great poems some day,
Exactly when I will not say,
Just now some things are in the way;
I'll begin—well, a week from Tuesday.

There are pictures, too, I mean to paint;
My plans, as yet, are a little faint,
But my notions are really new and quaint,
As you'll see a week from Wednesday.

A drama great I have in mind,
As soon as I a plot can find,
Striking, original, refined,
Perhaps a week from Thursday.

I hope to form a stock concern,
Enormous dividends I'll earn,
Till coupon bonds I have "to burn,"
About a year from Friday.

Or, no—I'll just invent a toy,
Some simple gimcrack to give joy
To each enraptured girl or boy—
I'll work on that next Saturday.

I can't decide which scheme to choose,
Each idea seems too good to lose;
Meanwhile I'll take my Sunday snooze—
To-morrow's only Monday.

—Tudor Jenks in Woman's Home Companion.

Nina.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.

She was a dear little Contadina girl, and her name was Nina. She had great blue eyes and a lot of jet black curls. Her clothes were very ragged and dirty, but her face was sweet and clean, because she had just scrubbed it well in the clear water of a brook which came down the mountainside and widened into a broad river in the valley.

"What have you in your pitcher?" I asked her, as we came suddenly upon her at the foot of an olive grove. The sun, shining through the lacy, light-green leaves, formed a delicate tracery upon the soft grass.

"It's only water, Signorina."

The blue eyes looked frightened, and I hastened to add: "Then you will give us a drink, won't you?"

How her white teeth glistened when she smiled! I had never seen on the streets of Rome so beautiful a child as this one who had passed her whole life in Subiaco.

She filled our drinking glass, and then sat down on the grass beside us and began to talk. As soon as her fear wore off, she was as friendly as though she had known us all her life.

"Yes, Signorina, I was born up yonder in the village. That is my home, the big, brown house up above the others."

The child pointed her plump finger at a large house which stood almost at the apex of the cluster of buildings forming Subiaco.

A couple of peasant women, driving a donkey, came toward us up the winding road. The patient beast carried a load of bags full of grain.

"How art thou, Nina?" said one of them, nodding and smiling as she went by.

"So your name is Nina," I said.

"Giuseppina, if you please, lady. When I was very, very little—oh, *piccina! 'piccina!* (she measured about two inches between her brown hands)—"they took me to the cathedral and baptized me. It must have been very funny! I saw the priest baptize my sister's baby the other day. He rubbed oil in her *ears*. What do you suppose he did that for, Signorina?"

I expressed my ignorance.

"I suppose you had oil on you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"No, never!"

"Don't they do that way in Rome?"

"Our home is not in Rome, dear, it is far, far across the great ocean."

I had been sketching, while talking, and she was much interested in my progress. She stood on tip-toe to look over my shoulder.

"It's just like me!" she cried in glee; then she looked sad.

"I wish I had my good dress on, Signorina; I've got one—a red one, with lace and coral beads.

"This is the way I like to paint you," I replied, but she was not satisfied until I had promised to make another picture of her in her festival dress.

This was the beginning of our acquaintance with Nina. Every day, she managed to join us in our sketching tours in the Sabine Hills, running cheerfully along beside us, always delighted if we gave her something to carry. I saw her home once, and did not wonder that she, as well as her parents and sisters, spent all their time in the clear air. To reach it, one must climb a steep donkey-path. The family shared the one damp, dark room with a cow and donkey.

One morning, Nina came to our lodgings in great distress. Her eyes were swollen with weeping.

"They say you're heretics," she cried between her sobs, "and the priest says you'll never get to heaven. And, oh, I'm so sorry; I love you so dearly!"

By means of a little chocolate and some biscuits we succeeded in quieting her. Then I took her upon my knee, sitting in a big armchair, which stood in front of the window. We could look far down the valley, where mountain after mountain arose, each one seeming a great emerald fresh from the hand of the Creator. It was such a pleasure to tell the child about Jesus, who loved the little ones and who had gathered them in his arms when he was here upon earth.

Nina looked at me with a world of unbelief in her great blue eyes.

"I never heard of a Jesus like that," she said at length. "He always hangs on the Cross, or

he is dead, or else, he's a God up in heaven. It's the Mother Mary who loves us and cares for us."

"No, darling; it is Jesus who loves us. Listen to this," and I told her the story of the Good Shepherd, who went out into the darkness and storm to seek the poor, lost sheep and carry it home in his bosom, close to his heart.

It was all new to her, this story of a Savior, and she came again and again to hear it. The priest talked to her parents, and they tried to prevent her coming, but she slipped out before they knew it.

One morning she brought two other ragged, forlorn children with her to hear the

NINA.

Bible stories, and then another two, until we had a class of ten boys and girls, who listened with earnest faces to the words we spoke. But not one of them was so pretty or attractive as our little Nina.

I have often wondered what became of Nina. If she is living, she must be a woman now. But I am sure that she has never forgotten the lessons she learned in our school under the shade of the olive trees, with the music of the dancing water in our ears.

That morning when we left Subiaco, on the shaky diligence for a three hours' ride to the railroad station, Nina came to see us off. The tears rolled down her rosy cheeks and she could scarcely speak for sobbing. She threw a loose bunch of wild flowers and grasses into my lap, and then, flinging her arms around my neck, she kissed me heartily on both cheeks.

"I'll never forget you, Signorina," she said, "and I'll remember about Jesus and how he loves us." Then, in a lower whisper: "I don't say the 'Ave Maria' any more; only just the little prayer you taught me, 'Dear Jesus, help me to be good all the time."

As the diligence rolled away, I looked back to see Nina standing in the midst of nine other little urchins, and my eyes were dim when I saw their sunburnt hands waving, and heard the shrill voices crying: "Addio, Signorina! Come back soon!"—[C. C. Advocate.

One New Scholar.

Less than half a century ago a Bible school superintendent in Jacksonville, Ill., asked each one to bring a new scholar to the school the next week. Little Mary Paxton went home and asked her father to go with her.

He was nearly forty years old, and so ignorant that he could not read. He was rough in appearance and rude in speech. He hated the church, and despised religion and everything good; but he loved his little Mary, and when she took him by the hand he did not resist.

He went to the Bible school and was led to Christ. He then learned to read for Christ's sake, and he finally came to be a Bible school evangelist. He founded 1,500 Bible schools, into which 70,000 children were gathered, and out of which sprang 100 churches.

It may seem a small thing for a Christian boy or girl to be always in the Bible school with a knowledge of the lesson; and to bring in a new scholar may seem a trifling matter, but only God can tell what such an act may lead to. When Little Mary was leading her father to Bible school she was leading a train of thousands up the shining way that leads to God.—[Selected.

Stop Teasing.

"Stop teasing Nannie, Jim!" "She such a cry-baby," Jim said, going out of the room. Mamma patted the curly head. "I wouldn't cry, dearie." "Oh, motherie, I was trying so hard to be good and let Jesus come into my heart, and when Jim teases it just rolls a big stone in his way and fills my heart with ugly thoughts—oh, I can't help crying!" Jim had not gone far, and he heard. He had held up his hand, too, in primary class, and promised to prepare his heart, and here he was hindering Nannie. Jim was a boy, and he did not say much, but he thought a great deal. Just "I'm sorry, Nannie," with a kiss that rolled all the ugly feeling out of her heart, and then Jim went to work to roll that teasing stone out of his own heart.—[Little Ones.

When You Hear the Robin Call.

You may read it "May" on the calendar,
You may fix your heart on spring,
But until you hear the robin's song
You will find it's no such thing!
For he's sure just when the snow flies,
And he knows spring's secrets all.
You may be quite sure 'tis May-time
When you hear the robin call!

They'll tell you the winter's ended—
You will hear it everywhere
Just for a little sunshine
And a breath of April air,
But you may be sure of one thing;
As sure as that rain will fall,
It is really, truly springtime
When you hear the robin call!

—*Agnes Lewis Mitchell, in April St. Nicholas.*

Professor Atwater's Great Discovery.

If the discovery of Professor Atwater, that "alcohol is a food," is generally accepted as a scientific fact, the dockets of the police courts will hereafter be filled with plain gourmands instead of "plain drunks." The man who has a weakness for cocktails can take comfort in the thought that he is merely devouring cherry cobblers, and the man with a large load of Scotch high-balls has simply eaten too many cornmeal dumplings.

Professor Atwater's discovery will carry grief to thousands of old topers, who have been laboring under the impression that they were "drowning" their troubles and sorrows in drink. They will be grieved to learn that they have been vainly trying to immerse their tribulations in plain, ordinary food. Disappointed husbands who have found marriage a failure will learn with deep chagrin that instead of "liquidating" their conjugal felicities they have been simply overloading their stomachs with rich food.

If Professor Atwater is right, the late Dr. Keeley has been trying to cure a habit of overeating by filling men's anatomies with bi-chloride of gold. Unfortunately, the discoverer of the Keeley cure died too soon to realize that he had been conducting an asylum for chronic dyspeptics. The wreck of the United States cruiser *Charleston* in Philippine waters was due to an overfed crew. In fact, it is remarkable to what extent the gourmandizing habit has taken hold of humanity, and how many accidents and disasters can be traced to an inordinate craving for "food."

It is not necessary to attempt to explain why humanity passes by large quantities of wholesome food to get a few fingers of the Atwater product. That is doubtless due to the perversity of human nature. It is a condition that confronts us—not a theory. "The man with a load" has simply eaten too much of a particular kind of food. Just why he does it Professor Atwater does not attempt to explain. It is enough to give to the world the important scientific revelation that a large, ponderous and unwieldy head may be acquired from over-indulgence in certain kinds of "food."

The theory that alcohol is a food is as thin as the claim that it is a poison. Alcohol is a stimulant, to be used with discretion. It is an intoxicant to be shunned. It has its uses and abuses in this world and numbers its victims by the thousand.—[Chicago Times-Herald.

Swallowed Up.

You see the Thames as it goes sluggishly down to the arches, carrying with it endless impurity and corruption. You watch the inky stream as it pours along day and night, and you think it will pollute the world. But you have just been down to the seashore, and you have looked on the great deep, and it has not left a stain on the Atlantic. No, it has been running down a good many years and carried a world of impurity with it, but when you go to the Atlantic there is not a speck on it. As to the ocean, it knows nothing about it. It is full of majestic music. So the smoke of London goes up, and has been going up for a thousand years. One would have thought that it would have spoiled the scenery by now; but you get a look at it sometimes. There is the great blue sky which has swallowed up the smoke and gloom of a thousand years, and its azure splendor is unspoiled. It is wonderful how the ocean has kept its purity, and how the sky has taken the breath of millions and the smoke of the furnaces, and yet it is as pure as the day God made it. It is beautiful to think that these are only images of God's great pity for the race. Our sins, they are like the Thames, but, mind you, they shall be swallowed up—lost in the depths of the sea, to be remembered against us no more. Though our sins have been going up to heaven through the generations, yet though thy sins are as crimson, they shall be as wool, as white as snow.—[Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

Governor Leary's Happy Family.

In a letter from a member of the *Yosemite's* crew, in far-away Guam, it is stated that Captain Richard Leary, the Governor of the island, is having a lively time with the seven thousand inhabitants of his little principality, says a writer in the April number of *Success*. His first proclamation commanded the people to get married—something they had neglected to do in setting up their domestic establishments, because the priests exacted five *pesos* per ceremony. Next he horrified the natives by ordering them to go to work. He took possession of all unoccupied land, in the name of the United States Government, and compelled every idler to plant corn, rice, sweet potatoes, and cacao, while every family was directed to keep twelve hens, one rooster and

a cow. The correspondent of *Success* asks old schoolbooks, toys, musical instruments and kindergarten utensils be sent, in care of the Navy Department, Washington, for use in the newly established schools at Guam.

The most notable reform is the lessening of drunkenness. A liquor made from the juice of the cocoanut was used to excess by ninety per cent of the inhabitants, the cheapness of the product accounting for its widespread use. The new Governor has been compelled to stop its manufacture, under a penalty of one hundred dollars and imprisonment for one month or more, while the importation of all liquor is prohibited except under a special government permit. Captain Leary found that the effect of this prohibition was noticeable at once, the *morale* of the entire island showing marked improvement.

Kipling's "Recessional."

The remarkable popularity of Rudyard Kipling's "'Recessional"—it was sung almost throughout the Empire on the Day of Intercession—makes the story of that hymn one of real interest. The editor of the Melbourne *Southern Cross* tells the story as it was told to him (Rev. Dr. Fitchett) "by the person who next to Kipling himself is entitled to tell the story. It runs thus: "The London *Times* invited Kipling to write a poem on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee. But everybody was writing 'Jubilee verses,' and the note of national pride dominant at that moment offended Rudyard Kipling's ear. He would write no Jubilee sonnet! Shortly after, the editor of the *Times* had occasion to visit Kipling. The poet picked out of his waste-paper basket a crumpled sheet, and offered it to his visitor, saying, 'Here are some verses, if you think they are worth printing.' It was the 'Recessional'! Kipling had written the verses, was dissatisfied with them, thought them worthless, and flung the sheet into his waste-paper basket. The editor of the *Times*, with wiser vision, saw the beauty and power of the poem, and gladly printed it,and it has proved the most memorable and popular set of verses produced during this generation. It has to be added that, when the *Times* sent Rudyard Kipling a cheque for a generous amount in payment for the verses, the cheque was returned. Kipling, with a true instinct, refused to make the 'Recessional' the subject of a bargain, or to be paid for clothing the religious sentiments of a nation in verse."

The True Ideal of Negro Education.

Hampton does not intend to make a white man out of the negro, but its aim rather is to help him to be himself, in the very best sense. The so-called "educated negro" is sometimes a pathetic specimen of unhappiness and discontent. But the educated young negro of the Hampton type is more, rather than less, of a negro than ever. He loves his race, and wants nothing better than the splendid chance he finds to-day in the United States to work with and for his people. He sees the true drift of things, and declines either to be despondent or defiant. While he must see that the people of his race have to undergo some hardships and some injustice, he also sees that the white people of the South are in the main the negro's friends and well-wishers; and he is taught at Hampton that since the war the white people of the South have paid out in taxes for the support of the negro schools something like $60,000,000. It is the concern of the Hampton negro and those whom he represents to see that the colored teachers are provided who shall know exactly how to secure good results from the money that continues thus to be expended.—[From "'Learning by Doing' at Hampton," by Albert Shaw, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.

"No Swearing Allowed."

The young man told of in the following story for the *Lutheran World* was made of the right kind of stuff for a soldier. Would that we had more such fearless ones:

The above notice was written in a good, plain hand, and stuck up on the wall of the barrack-room by the corporal in charge. He had been converted shortly before. At first the men laughed. He had been a rough character, he would not keep it a week, etc. But the Lord kept him; and among other results the notice was stuck up. The men respected him, he was consistent, he was brave, and the order was obeyed.

There was to be an official inspection. A great general was coming. There was washing, scrubbing, scouring, polishing. Many paintings, pictures and papers were taken off the walls, as likely to meet with disapproval.

"No Swearing Allowed." "Corporal, you'd better stow that thing away."

"No, it is there to stay, and I'll take the consequences."

It caught the general's eye.

"Who is the corporal in charge here?"

"I am, sir," stepping forward and saluting.

"Did you put that placard there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you enforce it?"

"I do, sir."

The general stretched forth his hand—to tear it down? No, but to shake hands with the corporal. "I wish all our corpoals were like you, and that the same rule was enforced everywhere."

This world is too small to afford a place of safety to the man who disobeys God.

Church News.

Northern California.

Cherokee.—Since the ordination of our pastor last month church affairs have been progressing nicely. Six members from the Pentz church have made application to unite with our church, as there are not members enough at that place to hold a church of their own. They were voted in and will join with us at an early date.

Stockton.—The Knight's Templars attended the Easter service in the Congregational church in full regalia. The house was adorned with hundreds of calla lilies, roses and evergreen, and was crowded with people. Pastor Sink, who had not occupied his pulpit for two Sabbaths on account of a severe attack of the grip, conducted the services.

Ward Memorial, Fruitvale.—It is just twelve months since the Rev. Mr. Golding became the pastor of this church, and it is only a few months ago that the church was organized, with fourteen members. Since then the church has steadily grown. Last Sunday, being Easter, special services were held both morning and evening. At the morning service the church was crowded, every available chair and bench (from the school room) being pressed into service. The church was tastefully decorated with flowers and a hearty welcome was extended to all who found their way thither, the special attraction being the musical program, which was rendered in excellent style by the choir.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Dr. F. B. Cherington took his text from John xiv: 19: "Because I live ye shall live also." In part he said that all the learning of the nineteenth century has not fathomed half what Christ has done for us. Every page by St. Paul points directly or indirectly to Christ's resurrection—a strange doctrine, though spoken to living witnesses. Our resurrection is bound up with his resurrection. Physical death is not a result of sin, but part of an original plan—a glorious passing from night to day. We could not understand future life, so divine love screens it from us till we receive a glorious welcome. The subject of the evening sermon was "Mary Magdalene at the Cross and Sepulchre."

Oroville.—The Congregational church at Oroville was beautifully decorated for Easter by the young people of the church, and Mr. Kidd prepared two excellent sermons, but was taken ill in the pulpit at the morning service and had to dismiss a large congregation. He was somewhat better toward evening, but unable to preach. Mr. Hughes, principal of the Oroville High School, read his carefully-prepared sermon for him, which the local press praised in highest terms. The discourse was supplemented by a praise service of beautiful solos and choruses, and they in turn were aided by an orchestra of stringed instruments and a piano and organ. The people were greatly disappointed not to be able to hear Mr. Kidd in person, but the incident was not without its value, in that it served to show how much we have grown to enjoy his presence among us, and to value his sermons. The subject of the morning service was "The Resurrection as a Practical Force"; of the evening, "The Brotherhood of Man."

Southern California.

Los Angeles First.—On Easter morning the large auditorium of the First church, Los Angeles, was crowded to the doors. The music and decorations were very rich. Dr. Day spoke on "The Light Which Illuminates Easter Morning." At the twilight communion, when a large congregation was present, thirty-nine were received. Five others were unable to be present. Six hundred and thirty-three have been added to the membership during the present pastorate.

Los Angeles Vernon.—Three were received on confession April 1st. The annual church meeting was attended April 4th. The reports of the work for the past year were such as to inspire bright hopes for the future. Rev. F. J. Culver aids Pastor Hardy by conducting a series of evangelistic meetings in connection with a branch Sunday-school of this church. A second Chinese school has been started within the limits of its field.

Rialto.—For the past year this church has been ministered to by Rev. Warren L. Noyes. The congregation has increased fifty per cent. The sum of $500 has been raised to finish the church building, which was left incomplete when erected. With this amount a tower has been built on the bare, unoccupied concrete foundation that had long been waiting for it; the plastered walls within have been calcimined, and the wood-work finished in oil; arrangements are made to substitute permanent pews for the temporary chairs of the past, and to carpet the aisles. In addition to this outlay the church finds itself able to more than double its subscriptions for the support of a pastor. Rev. Mr. Noyes, who leaves for the East May 1st, is invited to return and continue his work in that field. It is hoped he will decide to do so.

Norwalk.—The Sunday-school celebrated its fourth anniversary on Easter morning by exercises which occupied the hours of both Sunday-school and church services. A beautiful incident of the occasion was the baptism of an infant child, and the reception into the church of two little girls, aged seven and eight.

years. These little lambs are both from Christian homes, and each had asked of her own accord to be accepted. The church believes in training the children, and received them. An Easter offering was taken for the famine sufferers, which amounted to over $10, and with other gifts from the church, made $16 for this cause. Helpful meetings were held each evening during Passion Week. Revs. Emerson, Rowell, Hendry and Bartlett preached in turn, the pastor preaching on Wednesday evening. The meetings closed on Friday evening with a communion service. They were marked throughout by a deep spiritual tone, the attendance was good for a country village, and much good results to the church from this week of prayer.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The morning of April 10th was bright and cheery, with the bracing air filled with the perfume of the early blooming flowers—the very breath of spring—and vocal with the music of the mating birds. Nature, all-pervading, all-abounding, all-beautiful Nature, was in her best mood, the joyous precursor of a bountiful harvesting of the products of the field and orchard in the months to come; not more joyous, however, than the score or more of those of the Pilgrim faith as they gathered from the churches of the West Willamette Association at the town of Forest Grove—the foundation-stone of the Congregational polity in Oregon—to take conveyances to the Hillside church, in a rural community eight miles northward. The road was not altogether ideal, yet the entrancing beauty of the Tualitan plains and forest and distant Cascade mountains, with the eternal snows of Mounts Rainier, St. Helens, Adams, and Hood gleaming in the brightness of the morning sun, effectually dispelled all consciousness of personal discomfort, and gave the ministers and messengers such appetites as only the well-trained housewife, with all the products of the farm at her command, can easily satisfy. As all the company was scattered around the vicinity of the church for miles in twos and threes, the opportunity to test the culinary powers of the housewives was indeed very good. But they bore the test splendidly, and attended all the meetings for two days besides. In these experiences many new acquaintances were formed, and the spirit of Christian fellowship greatly strengthened. At one o'clock the Association assembled, and organization effected by electing Rev. D. B. Gray Moderator, and Mr. Oliver Curtis Clerk. Then a devotional service was held and the following papers presented: "Religious Instruction of Youth in the Home," by Mrs. Harriet D. McClelland; "Religious Instruction of Youth in the Church," by Rev. Dora R. Barber; "Conditions of Continued Growth," by Rev. D. B. Gray. A report from the Missionary Committee and the associational sermon by Rev. Morton D. Dunning closed the exercises for the first day. On the 11th "Echoes from the Churches" gave opportunity for brief sketches of the kingdom's progress, all of which was encouraging, besides creating a desire on the part of all who heard to do better work for the future. The agencies for furthering "Growth in Christian Character and Life"—the general theme of the Association—were discussed as follows: "The Weekly Prayer-meeting," "The Christian Endeavor Society," "Giving as a Means of Grace," "How to Develop and Utilize the Latent Power in the Church," and "Missions as a Means of Growth." All papers were admirable in suggestiveness, intensely practical in their application, and withal most meritorious in all respects, and deserve a much wider hearing. Those preparing these papers were Mr. E. X. Harding, Mrs. M. D. Dunning, Rev. J. M. Barber, and Rev. H. L. Bates, in the order named. "Missions as a Means of Spiritual Growth," by Miss Mary J. Farnham; "Foreign Missionary Work in Practical Application," by Mrs. M. E. Thorne; and "The Church Missionary Society," bp Mrs. E. F. Egert, filled up the day session completely, except the time allotted for the communion service, and with much profit to all. The evening was devoted to the Societies, Rev. Evan P. Hughes, President McClelland, Rev. R. A. Rowley and Superintendent Clapp occupying the time. All gave triphammer strokes in support of the cause of missions, as respectively represented, and were listened to most attentively by as large an audience as could be accommodated in the school building temporarily used for the services of this church.

The spirit of the people contiguous to this church is most excellent, and is largely the outgrowth of home missionary work many, many years ago, during the lifetime of Rev. Horace Lyman, so long connected with Pacific University, and before that the founder of the Portland First church. For years he conducted services here without hope of reward other than in the consciousness of doing good. The spirit of his work has been a regnant force all these years and is now evidenced in a united community loyal to the best religious life. Upon foundations so begun the resouceful and indefatigable Rev. Daniel Staver—who ministers at four other places—has builded an excellent work, which is soon to have opportunity for larger growth through the instrumentality of a handsome church home, the material for the construction of which is already on the ground.

On the 12th the visitors left the comfortable homes and good cheer, permeated through

and through with kindly and loving fellowship, and departed for their homes, well repaid in rich experiences gained in one of the best associational meetings any of them were ever privileged to attend.

At the Sunnyside church, Rev. John J. Staub, pastor, four new members were received to-day.

Thirteen new members were received into the fellowship of the Ashland church on the 1st inst., making twenty-one accessions since Rev. G. W. Nelson began his pastorate there last November. The outlook is bright, and the work is progressing favorably along all lines.

The church at Eugene has called Rev. M. H. Wallace of Oakland, Cal., to its pastorate to supply the place made vacant by the resignation of Rev. R. C. Brooks.

The East Willamette Association will meet with the Plymouth church, Corvallis, on May 15th and 16th. This is official.

The service in the First church of this city last Sunday evening, in commemoration of Palm Sunday, was one of the best ever given, not only in this church, but in this city. The famous oratorio, "The Crucifixion," words selected and written by Rev. J. Sparrow Simpson, M.A., and music by John Stainer, was rendered by a double quartet, with a wonderful impressive effect, before a great audience, filling every available seat in the auditorium and gallery. This was followed with a brief though very suggestive address by Mr. Ackerman on "The Fact of the Atonement." The service throughout was intended as introductory to those which followed every night during the week, except Saturday, as indicated by the following topics: Monday, "Its Inner Meaning"; Tuesday, "Its Effect"; Wednesday, "Its Sufficiency"; Thursday, "Its Memorial"; Friday, "Its Demand." To-day the subject of the sermon was "The Testimony of the Sacrifice."

Portland, April 15, 1900.

Washington Letter.

I. Learned.

News that is nearly four months old when it comes to one's eye or ear cannot ordinarily be considered *news* in these days when tidings from the ends of the earth are to be found seven days in the week in the morning paper, but the message, under date of the close of November, which has recently come to the Missionary Societies from Cape Nome, tells us that all were then well, and gives glowing accounts of the winter's work already begun.

A few weeks more and we shall have learned of how the winter has passed with our Congregational colony at Nome, and something of the story of active and aggressive missionary and hospital work by Superintendent Wirt and his associates in Arctic isolation.

Superintendent Greene of Washington is endeavoring to arrange for the shipment of material to complete the buildings at Nome by one of the earliest boats, and will forward also a supply of fresh provisions; and by later boats a fuller equipment of furniture, hospital stores and fuel, to meet the increasing need.

Recent advices from Boston give us the assurance of the presence of Secretary Boynton of the C. S. S. and P. S. on the Coast by the middle of May, and in your city during the sessions of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, coming later to Oregon and possibly Washington to spend a few days. Returning through Idaho and Wyoming, he will visit as many of the representatives of the Society and their fields of work as his time will permit. The four superintendents of the Coast States will join him on his arrival at San Francisco.

We were glad a few days since to have for our travelling companion for three hours Rev. Alonzo Rogers, late of New Whatcom, who seems to have about recovered from his recent illness, a later diagnosis of which seems to have assured him that it was not of so serious a character as it at first appeared. He has now an invitation to enter the work of the Anti-Saloon League in Oregon, and is considering the same.

The recent resignation of Rev. W. A. Remile of Olympia and his return to the East leaves that church, one of the oldest in the State, open for some earnest, active godly and patient pastor whom the Master can use for its upbuilding.

Rev. William Davies of Spokane will supply the church at New Whatcom on the 22d inst.

Rev. Harry W. Young was in Clark county, Wash., on the 8th, reorganizing the Sunday-school at Mt. Durgin and gathering a new school at Riverview. He also visited, during its session, the Mt. Zion Sunday-school, near Mt. Pleasant, Skamania county. You see that's a mountainous region.

Rev. J. T. Percival visited the Sunday-schools at Chewelah, Stevens county, on the 8th, and also the Graham school a few miles distant.

Rev. A. R. Johnson visited the church and Sunday-school at Hope, Idaho, on the same Sabbath, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the little company of disciples there.

Rev. Samuel Greene was at Rock Creek and McCormick in the western part of Lewis county, where he found the two Sunday-schools in good running order, and arranged to provide a library for the former. On the 15th he preached at Dryad in the same county and organized a Sunday-school in a near-by lumber camp.

Children's Day supplies for all our Wash-

ington Sunday-schools are ready for distribution on application to Superintendent Greene. It is desirable that orders should be sent in early that plenty of time for preparation may be given and the occasion be made as instructive, profitable and joyous as possible to each school.

Seattle, April 13th.

Important Extracts from Dr. Hillis' Letter to the Presbytery.

My forefathers were Puritans of the old rock and granite stamp. My father was a disciple of Lyman Beecher and later of Albert Barnes. From childhood I have been drilled in all the arguments of the new school theology. I entered college when the teachings of science were coming in like a flood. During my junior years in college I passed under the influence of the seminal theory of evolution. While in the seminary I was in a state of constant rebellion against the type of Calvinism there taught. Side by side with the lectures on theology I received the works of Scottish theologians and philosophers and of German writers, and passed under the influence of such preachers as Robertson, Bushnell, and especially Henry Ward Beecher. During my last years in the seminary and my first years in the ministry I became convinced that the foundations of the old theological systems were dissolving, and that a new basis must be found; and after several years of mental doubt and distress I found that new basis in Christianity as interpreted from the view point of theistic evolution. . . .

I can but think, however, that the scope, content, and drift of my sermon were entirely misapprehended. I have long felt that our easy-going, pleasure-loving generation is in danger of losing its moral stamina and the sturdy fidelity of conviction that was the glory of our Puritan ancestors. Having often plied men with motives of self-interest, reason and love, in the sermon on "The Automatic Judgment Seat of Man," I applied to the sense of justice and righteousness. Failing to find a sufficient rational basis for penalty and alarm in the old Calvinistic theology, I did find a basis for fearing the penalties of transgression in reason and memory, in judgment and conscience. The sermon sounds the note of warning and alarm. It capitalizes righteousness and not pleasure as the keynote of character. By every possible motive I urged men to turn from their transgressions, lest they fall under the penalties of the automatic judgment seat in man, as well as the condemnation of God. In passing, I spoke of the fragmentary theories of Dante, of Michael Angelo, of Jonathan Edwards, and our Confession of Faith. . . .

I wish to reaffirm my faith in what is called the great fundamental principles of Christianity. As never before I believe in God the Father, Maker of heaven and earth, and in his loving providence; in his all-helpful, all comforting, all-guiding, and regenerating Spirit; in Jesus Christ, the world's Savior and Redeemer, and our Way and Truth and Life; in man made in the image of God, and despite his sinfulness and ignorance he is sincerely and truthfully invited to come into the likeness to his Father. I believe that what Christ was and did and suffered for a few men through three and thirty years, God is, and does and suffers for all men, in all worlds, through all ages. . . .

If the new scholarship has destroyed my old view of the Bible, as never before I believe the Bible to be the word of God, a light to my feet and a lamp to my path. After years of mental conflict and doubt, I have bought these faiths at a great price. Nothing can wrest them from me. For me the principles of evangelical Christianity seem as firmly fixed as mountains and stars. . . .

So far, also, from loving the Christian Church and the Christian ministry less, these views have strengthened my love until it has become an all-consuming passion. There are hours when I look out upon the multitudes going stumbling, blundering, weeping, falling, sinning, and dying, when it seems to me I would die a thousand deaths to be permitted to give a cup of cold water only to one of Christ's little ones, or light one beacon fire to guide the pilgrim host struggling through the desert. And when I think of the poor in your tenement houses, of the prodigal sons and daughters in the streets of our great cities, upon men whose business it is to degrade their fellows, I see that what I had once hoped might be done for my fellows through schemes of social reform and philanthropy, can only be done by the influence of Jesus Christ, and his spirit manifested in his disciples who bear the burdens and sorrows of the people.

For there is no dynamic in reform save the cross of Jesus Christ. In the last analysis all economic, social, and political problems are religious problems. Once Jesus Christ and his teachings are accepted in the market place, the forum, the home, and street, what sin is not cured? What sorrow not healed? What difficulty not dissolved?

The Santa Clara Association meets at San Mateo next Tuesday.

The Sacramento Valley Association meets at Oroville May 1st to 3d.

A council has been called, to meet at Rocklin April 23d, to examine Mr. R. C. Day for ordination.

A council for the examination of Mr. Burton M. Palmer for ordination has been called for next Thursday, by the First church of Oakland.

Household.

THE CARE OF PETS.

When Lemuel Gulliver was captured by the farmers of Giant and, they made him dance ten ours a day and roused him from is best sleep, to be teased by the ildren of gaping neighbors. oung hoodlums would tickle his bs with fingers resembling hairy nce-rails, and a girl, "not much gger than a boarding-house," ave him a kiss that stunned him r thirty seconds. They meant no arm, but when he contrived to nd a new home he passed three ours in prayers of fervid thanksivings.

With similar emotions many ur-footed pets would hail the day f deliverance from the hands of ieir protectors. Little puppies hat would ask no greater favor han to be left alone, are carried bout and coddled till their shrieks f distress can be heard in the midle of the next block. A year later, hen their roaming instinct has wakened in all its force, they are hained or kenneled. A hound is aturally almost as restless as a fer-et, and to restrain his freedom of notion is worse cruelty than neglect, so much so, indeed, that there little doubt about its penalty being enforced in the form of hydrophobia, a disease as dreadful as fever and madness combined. In urkey, where thousands of ownrless dogs are left to starve or eed on refuse, hydrophobia is unnown. It is unknown in Egypt, n Persia, and in Western Arabia, vhere the freaks of the dog-star tray in the neighborhood of one undred and twenty degrees Fahenheit.

As a rule, it may be said that the appiness of household pets deends chiefly on their freedom rom ill-timed restraint. * * *

Another very common mistake s the idea that superfluous kittens r puppies can be put out of their nisery in a merciful manner by linging them into the river.* * * am still haunted by the memory f a river-bank where I saw half a ozen little shepherd puppies float way with yelping appeals for astance, while their poor mother early strangled herself in frantic

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Our country is enjoying prosperity almost unsurpassed in its history.

For every one there is money enough to buy that to eat which is pure, sound, good, wholesome.

Why should we use cheap, impure, unhealthful articles of food? There is no economy in them; they endanger the health, they may cost life. There are reported almost daily cases of sickness caused by eating cake, puddings or biscuit made with the cheap, alum baking powders.

In all articles for food buy and use only the best. The good health of the family is of first consideration.

Alum is used in many baking powders because it makes them cheap. It costs less than two cents a pound. Alum is a corrosive poison. Think of feeding it to children! Yet the manufacturers of well-known alum powders are actually denying that their goods contain it.

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attempts to break her leash and fly to the rescue of her youngsters. She had overtaken the drowning committee unawares, and had then been secured with a stout handkerchief and a boy's waist-belt; but the whole tragedy could have been avoided by taking away her pups during her incidental absence, one at a time, and holding them under water in a common washtub.—[Chautauquan for April.

A CHAPTER ON BREADS.

Down South we don't put all our faith—and strength, too—in a big batch of light bread, as they do North, and dyspepsia is not a dreaded foe in every household, either, as a result of hot bread, corn-cakes, and muffins. And that reminds me of how science now commands us to tempt the invalid's capricious appetite with a nice, puffy soda biscuit rather than the much-lauded but so often soggy toast.

At our house we always rush for the flour barrel when unexpected company drops in, knowing how many possibilities lurk in its depths.

When the minister came the other day, Sister Hetty said, as she went to answer his knock, "Take that cup of cold rice and make some muffins for supper."

This is the way we made them: One cup of boiled rice, a tablespoonful of butter—measure it and then melt it—two-thirds of a cup of milk, two eggs beaten separately, a tablespoonful of sugar, a half-teaspoonful of salt, flour enough to make a soft batter; add the whites last, and bake in a quick oven.—[Exchange.

$100 REWARD $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrah Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Mrs. William Cotter who lives at No. 42 Windsor Street, Hartford, Conn., says: "I was taken with neuralgia several years ago and suffered untold misery. I tried a great many doctors and several remedies, but I found only temporary relief. About three years ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I did so. I thought that the first box gave me some relief, and my husband insisted that I keep on taking the pills. I did, and I can truly say that the pills are the only medicine that ever permanently benefited me.

"I used to have to give up entirely and lie down when the pain came on. My face would swell up so that my eyes would close. The pills cured all this, and I have had no return of it for the last two years. I keep the pills constantly on hand, as I believe they are a wonderful household remedy.

"To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I owe all the comfort I have enjoyed for the past two years in being free from neuralgia, and I am glad to be able to recommend them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

THE HIDDEN CROSS.

To all, sooner or later, Christ comes to baptize thee with fire. But do not think the baptism of fire comes once for all to a man in some terrible affliction, some one and real conviction of his own sinfulness and nothingness. So, with many, and those, perhaps, the best people, it goes on month after month and year after year, by secret trials, chastenings which none but they and God can understand. The Lord is cleansing them from their secret faults, and making them to understand wisdom secretly; burning out of them the chaff of self-will and self-conceit and va ity, and leaving only the pure go of righteousness. How mar sweet and holy souls, who loo cheerful enough before the eyes men, yet have their secret sorrow They carry their cross unseen a day long, and lie down to sleep it at night; and they will carry perhaps, for years and years and their graves, and to the throne Christ, before they lay it dow and none but they and Christ w ever know what it was—what w the secret chastisement which G sent to make that soul better whi seemed to us already too good f earth? So does the Lord wat

s people, and tries them by fire, the refiner of silver sits by his rnace watching the melted metal, l he knows that it is purged from l its dross by seeing the image of s own face reflected on it.—Charles Kingsley.

A new and reliable estimate ves an interesting comparative ew of the world's great religions. he numbers of their adherents are -Christianity, 477,000,000; wor-ip of ancestors and Confucian-m, 257,000,000; Hinduism, 190,-00,000; Mohammedanism, 176,-00,000; Buddhism, 148,000,000; aoism, 43,000,000; Shintoism, 4,000,000; Polytheism, 117,000,-00; Judaism, 7,000,000.

In a case of hopeless conceit an variable symptom is a lack of rev-rence for gray hairs.

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GLEANINGS.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labor.—[F. W. Farrar.

Go to the heart of a great man and you will always find the heart of a little child.

You can generally depend upon the world to speak kindly of the man who habitually speaks kindly of his fellow-men.

He that is strong in purpose is likely to be clear in vision. The man who never sees an opportunity never really wants one.

We may have lost the art of meditation, but we still find it easy to be absorbed in the contemplation of our neighbor's infirmities.

The dangers we see in the distance are like the clouds: nine out of ten will pass around us or disappear before they reach us.

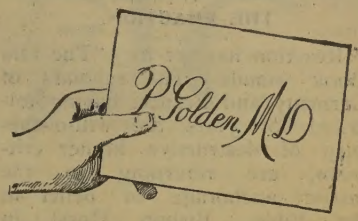
He is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.—[Quarles.

When you snub a man because he is down do not forget that with the next turn of the wheel of fortune he may catch a spoke that will bring him on top.

Judging by the large number of Easter cards sold to the people of various denominations, the splendid values offered by our Book Concern were duly appreciated.

According to the desire to do good so is the opportunity. If a man is of strong desire he may not have the opportunity to do good according to his ideas, but he will have abundant opportunity to do good according to God's will.

There is a suggestion in the following fact which we learn from the *Zion's Herald:* A pastor, conducting successful revival meetings, had made a list of a large number of persons with whom he was to converse upon the duty of commencing a Christian life. But he found himself ill and confined to his home. Able to use his pen, he wrote fifty-six letters of frank and earnest solicitation. At last report forty of the number had become faithful beginners in the Christian life, and the minister confidently believes that the other sixteen will do the same.



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"My husband had been coughing for years and people frankly told me that he would go into consumption," writes Mrs. John Shireman, of No. 265 25th Place, Chicago, Ills. "In the spring of 1888 he took measles. He caught cold, the measles then settling on his lungs, causing such terrible coughing spells, we not only grew much alarmed, but looked for the bursting of a blood vessel or a hemorrhage at almost any time. After three days' coughing he was too weak too cross the room. The doctor who lived with us on the same floor did him no good. I went to the other end of the town and stated the case to a druggist, who then handed me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. My husband's recovery was remarkable in its speed. In three days after he began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he was up and around and in two more days he went to work. Two bottles cured him."

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THE REACTION.

Reaction has set in. "The Old Book" stands. The scholars of Germany and France, having followed for years the will-o'-the-wisp of destructive higher criticism, are returning to the restful anchorage of belief in the Bible. Bishop Hurst, in an article in the *Western Christian Advocate* on the trend of criticism in Europe at present, especially in Germany and France, says that the tendency at present is to abandon the higher criticism and return to the long prevalent belief of the Church. After indicating works of such a tendency, he reaches the general conclusion "that there has been a marked increase in the number of able and scholarly critics in favor of the conservative position" in regard to the authorship and interpretation of the Scriptures. He concludes with these words: "We have no doubt that within the next five years all the main positions assumed by the higher criticism will have been taken from it. There is not an extreme view hitherto held by the destructive critics of either the Old or New Testament which has not been greatly weakened or entirely abandoned."

Doing one's best is not doing one's whole duty. The rest of the duty after doing the best is to leave the consequences with God.

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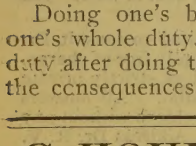

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